JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 2, 1939.
VOL. LXVI. 1716

£1,225 XMAS CASH MUST BE WON

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

THE NATION'S WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

The Chancellor of the Exchequer announces the issue of two Gilt-Edged Securities

A NEW INVESTMENT
3 per cent
DEFENCE BONDS

(Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks Issue)

On sale in denominations of £5 and multiples of £5. The Bonds bear interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum: Income Tax is not deducted at the source. They are repayable 7 years from date of purchase at par plus a premium of £1 for each £100 nominal value with interest accrued since the last half year's payment.

On 6 months' notice holders can claim repayment at par with interest due to date. In case of urgent need repayment can be arranged on special terms within a few days. Individual holdings are limited to £1,000. On sale at Post Offices and Banks.

A NEW ISSUE OF
NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Free of Income Tax

A Certificate costs 15/- and grows in value to 17/6 in 5 years and 20/6 in 10 years. This is equal to interest at the rate of £3.3.5 per cent. per annum over the whole 10 year period. Interest is free of Income Tax. The new Certificates are on sale at Post Offices, Banks and from National Savings Groups in single documents representing 1, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 Certificates. No individual may hold more than 500 Certificates including those of earlier issues. Certificates can be cashed at any time on a few days' notice with interest accrued.

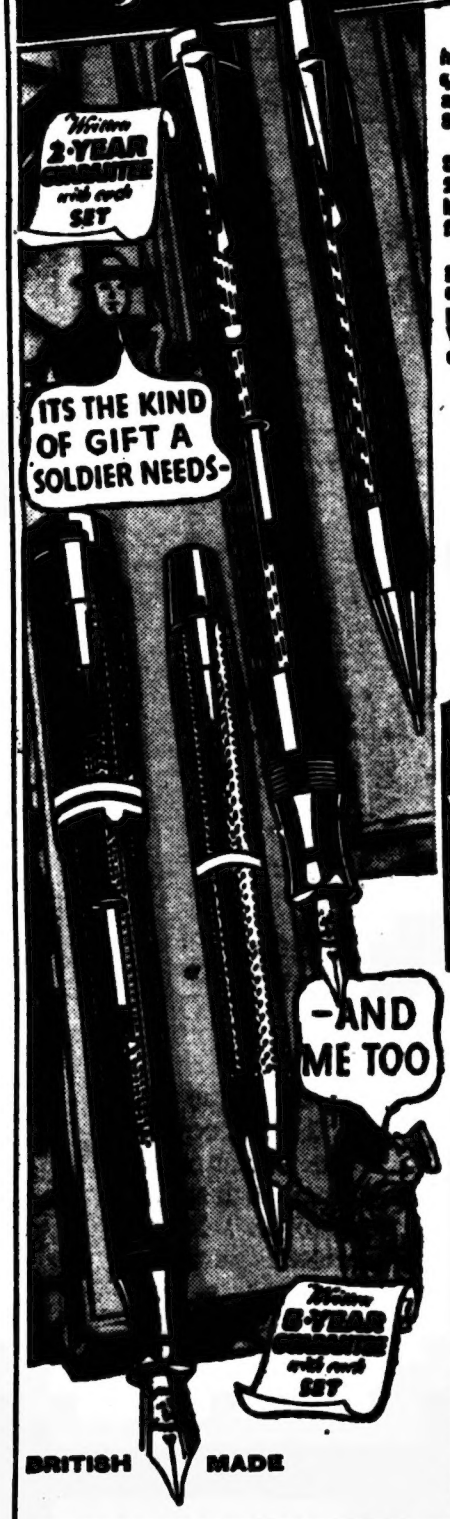
"It is the evil things that we shall be fighting against—brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution."
THE PRIME MINISTER

"Finance is the fourth arm of defence no less important than the other three, and if finance fails then the prop that sustains the whole of our war effort will collapse."
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

HURRY for JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to You



"John Bull's" Great Christmas Gift Offer has broken all records—readers have been quick to appreciate what an ideal and acceptable Christmas Gift these magnificent Writing Sets make, especially to members of the forces.

"John Bull" presents you with Two Free Special Xmas Gift Vouchers—one worth 2/9, the other worth 7/6. Either or both will be accepted as part payment for these magnificent All-British Writing Sets.

Don't risk missing the greatest of war time gifts—for yourself or for your friends you could not choose a more useful or lasting present. Complete and post Coupon and Vouchers AT ONCE. All orders will be dealt with in strict rotation.

John Bull
Xmas Gift Voucher
2/9
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 30th December, 1939.
No. A 42989

ONE OR BOTH

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted at 2/9 each in part payment for "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat SOLID GOLD nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull
Xmas Gift Voucher
VALUE 7/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 30th Dec., 1939.
No. B 42990

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 each in part payment for "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has two inlaid bands of 14-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has one inlaid band of 14-carat ROLLED GOLD, features propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 5/2 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 3/- only.

NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

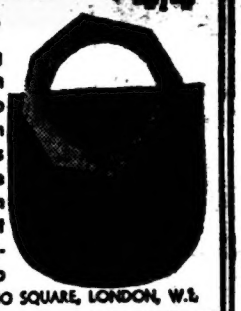
Write clearly in Block Letters.

J.B.2/12/39

Cross Cheques or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

HERE'S A SPLENDID Gift for XMAS

Price only 4/4



A handsome reading glass with chromium handles which fold up for pocket. Made in six charming colours with morocco case to match. Order from dealer or write at once for list G, illustrated in colour, to SOHO LIMITED, 3, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Right is the only word for it. We challenge any tailor to produce a more perfect crease. Miles better than any Press. Makes baggiest trousers hang with faultless knife-edge and takes only two minutes to use as shown. No steam, garbage or vices. Pocket-size. Everlasting wear.

ALSO NEEDED FOR ARMY TROUSERS.

FREE GIFT OF MARVELLOUS STRETCHER with 3 pairs. 7½d. Two gifts with 6 pairs. 10/-.

Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. H.J.B.), 823, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

Perfect Figure Control WITH 'DR. WALES' CORSET

For Uplift with freedom of movement, adjustable control and strong wearing qualities you MUST try 'DR. WALES' ABDOMA CORSET. This corset is designed for the figure that just will not conform to the trim and shapely lines of to-day. Where ordinary corsets cannot successfully exercise the required control, the ABDOMA becomes an absolute necessity. It is scientifically designed to be figure forming. The abdominal control straps ensure your complete comfort and unnoticed slimming, slender lines. Made from Beasley's heavy quality "Duck" material, with unbreakable steels carefully covered. Strong elastic panels and back adjustment for perfect freedom. Note also the tabs on both sides of the busk by which abdominal support is obtained by one simple pull, giving perfect hip control. Fitted four strong suspenders. Every 'Dr. Wales' Corset is GUARANTEED to give satisfactory and lasting wear. Waist sizes 24 to 44ins. (every inch).

PRICE 11/11

SENT ON APPROVAL

Postage 6d.

For 2/- only and 6d. post, this garment will be sent on approval and you may pay the balance of Cash Price on receipt or in five monthly payments of 2/- each. Brassiere to match, complete diaphragm and uplift, 5/11 up to 40 in. bust. Cash with order unless purchased with corset. Complete Set (i.e., Corset and Brassiere) 16/11. Deposit 3/-, postage 6d., and balance on receipt or in 5 equal monthly payments or earlier. We also make these models in Super Quality Broche and Art Silk elastic. The Corset 17/6. Super Brassiere 7/11 and Complete Set for 23/11. Deposit 3/-, postage 6d. and balance by return or in 5 monthly payments.

Send P.O. for Deposit and postage, stating which quality required, also bust, waist and hip measurements and to skin, and promise balance as above. Catalogue of Corsets, Rubber Reducing Garments, Surgical Belts, Elastic Hosiery, Free on request.

YOURS FOR 2/- DOWN

BEASLEY'S CORSET DEPT. 8, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDX.

West End Salons: 45, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1. Manchester Salons: 256, DEANSGATE.

2'9 POST 8½d. AUTOMATIC 3-Colour SENSATIONAL A.R.P. TORCH

1. Large bull's-eye.
2. Red for reading map.
3. Blue light, for a mist lamp.
4. White light for picking out objects.

Lights change with single touch of finger. Complete with Pelican Trouble Free, Double Life "Anti-Dazzle" Battery, Automatic 3-way switch. Throws beam ahead and around you instantaneously. Produced for War Service and at pre-war price, 2/9, post, etc., 3d. Make notice of a coupon's recent warning, but buy this torch which safely lights you across the road, picks out objects and has a special blue mist and fog beam. Spare Double Life Batteries, 3 for 9d., post 3d., 6 for 1/- post free. Spare bulbs 3 for 6d.

G. BAYNES (Dept. H.J.B.S.), Government Contractors, Royal House, Whitcomb Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Showroom through Royal Court.

100,000 BATTERIES for SALE

100,000 Pooh-Bis "Anti-Dazzle" A.R.P. Double Batteries. Fits the Popular No. 8 size case, which is in use in 99 out of every 100 torch cases. The "Anti-Dazzle" Battery that will not give you unnecessary shocks. Price 2/9 for 12, post 4d., 25 for 5/6, including postage, 50 for 10/6 post free. Send to-day while stocks last. Bulbs at 9d. 3-colour Automatic A.R.P. Torch, 2/6, post 3d., as above.

G. BAYNES (Dept. H.J.B.S.), Government Contractors, Royal House, Whitcomb Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Showroom through Royal Court.

FREE CATALOGUE of CIRO Famous Rings Pearls and Jewellery

CIRO creations challenge the closest comparison with fine real jewellery, however costly. Examples are illustrated on page 21. These beautiful articles are inexpensive—from a guinea upwards (and on easy terms, if desired)—and if you can detect any difference from more costly rings or jewellery your money will be refunded! Fill in and send the coupon on page 21 for magnificent free catalogues of exclusive Ciro rings, cameos, brooches, watches, ornamental lockets and other Ciro items! Or, if you prefer, write at once, mentioning "John Bull," to CIRO, 46, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Do so at once—Christmas is not so far away. You can make your choice now, from the catalogues!

to all purchasers of our A.R.P. Black-Out Blinds (NAVY BLUE)
Sizes 72 x 36 to 72 x 60
Hemmed for 4d.

3 for 5/- 7 for 10/-

All above sizes post free. Larger sizes made to order. 10/- BONUS. To advertise our Catalogue every purchaser of 7 Blinds for 10/- will receive 10/- WORTH OF GOODS ENTIRELY FREE, which they may select from our Catalogues of Blankets, Bedding, Ladies' & Gents' Hosiery, Children's Wear, Fancy Goods, Cloths, A.R.P. Requisites, etc. Don't miss this opportunity. 3 Navy Blue A.R.P. Blinds and 6/- Bonus for 5/- only. 7 Navy Blue A.R.P. Blinds and 10/- Bonus for 10/- only. This Advertisement must be sent for SAME ORDER. Do not NOW.

LANCASHIRE PRODUCTS (Dept. A.B.), 10, Stirling Street Road, London, W.8.2.

Are you Satisfied WITH YOUR APPEARANCE

Look smart, don't carry a shabby Gas Mask Container. Here is the SMARTEST CARRIER YET OFFERED. Made in exquisitely grained leather. BLACK, HIGGER, NAVY, BOTTLE GREEN OR TAN. As sold in West End at 6/11. Our price 3/6. Post 6d. also C.O.D. (Gent's with full length shoulder strap same price.) This is a special 7-day offer direct from Makers. Huge purchase of hides at pre-war prices make this possible. IDEAL XMAS GIFTS. Money back if dissatisfied. Order Now. Trade enquiries invited.

REAL-LEATHER PRODUCTS

54, PARKWAY, ILFORD, ESSEX. Seven Kings 5023

Flameproof YOUR HOME

YOUR DUTY

Materials treated with this amazing powder, simply mixed with water, CANNOT CATCH FIRE. It is your duty to protect your attics, floors, curtains, carpets, etc., from incendiary bombs and all spreading fires. Guaranteed not to stain or rot even the most delicate fabrics. Odourless, harmless, non-poisonous. SEND FOR SAMPLE PACKET (SUFF. 20 SQ. FT.) 1/6d. POST 6d. 2½ lb. tins (70 sq. ft.) 2/6d. post 6d., 7lbs. 5/-, post 10d. 14 lbs. 9/-, post 1/-. Money returned if not effective.

HOWARD SCOTT, LTD.,
101, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1
Phone: Holborn 0918.

SURPLUS AIRMEN'S FLEECE-LINED LEATHER-FINISHED FLYING WAISTCOATS 3/11

Post 6d.

These marvellous waistcoats are fleece-lined throughout. The outer material absolutely water-proof and wind-proof. Actually cost many times our price. (32 to 50 chest). Ideal for garden, motoring, farm, etc. BRAND NEW. UNUSED.

BARNES STORES (Pth), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
(And at 48, Kingston Rd., Portsmouth).

REAR LIGHTS for CYCLES

Prov. Pat. No 28057/39.

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY, BULB AND FIXING BRACKET 1/6 Post 3d.

Refill batteries 3d. each or 2 9 doz.

Ride in Safety.

Battery Illuminated Beacon Button

Fits to the lapel and shows where you are. Can be fitted to dog's collar. Price 9d., post 2d. Complete with battery and bulb. No 2 batteries 3d. each. Can be converted into a torch by fitting extra bulb, price 3½d.

Obtainable from all dealers or direct from Dept. J.B.

Chiswick Engineering Ltd., 7 High Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

YOURS FOR 6d.

Advance Design of the specially constructed 'STREAMLINE' shock-proof Wrist Watch, regulated, tested and fully guaranteed to keep perfect time under severe conditions. Non-magnetic, damp-proof, dust-proof, unbreakable glass, Lever Movement, fitted in highly polished Chromium-plated case, with new built-in lugs to ensure snug fitting round the wrist. Complete with leather strap free. Outstandingly plain white dial. Send 6d. deposit and 6d. post and packing now; if satisfactory, 1/6 after 7 days and 1/6 every 14 days until 21/- is paid in all. Cash Price 19/6.

LADIES' or GENT'S model

EDWARD BROS. (J.B.2.12)
The Reliable Mail Order House,
25, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

Bonelli, Stoldini Visonio, Pancotti, Hohner, Crotcinelli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. 41 Gn. VALUE for 60/-, Piano Finished Cabinet "Stoldini," Metal-bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action; 21 Piano Keys, 8 Bases; Complete with Shoulder Strap. Send only 5/- Deposit for 7 Days' Trial. If satisfactory Balance by Monthly Payments of 4/- until 60/- is paid. Full Cash after Approval, 52/6 only. Elaborate Tutor supplied, also Superior De Luxe Models at 85 Gns, same terms, other models 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, all on Easy Terms. Write for fully Illustrated List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments post free.

from 1/- weekly

J. A. DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. J.B.71)
84-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 500-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 5d. per punch, and £1-6-9 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit-sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list .. .. .. — 3/9 post free.

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER
(Punchboard Specialist).
Dept. J, 21, Woodville Road, London, E.11.
TRADE SUPPLIED. (Late Camomile Street.)

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/11, carr. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Remnants of REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedrooms, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being in quantity of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (C.P.) Worsley Road, Leeds.

YOURS 3/6

A MARVELLOUS BARGAIN!

2 Heavy White Blankets, with Blue borders and whipped edges. Size 80in x 70in.; 2 Heavy Winter Blankets, special double-weight; 2 Unbleached Twill Sheets, 70in. x 90in.; 2 Hemmed Pillow Cases; 1 Full Size Bolster Case; 2 Turkish Towels; 1 dateen-finished Wadded Quilt, in selected floral design; 1 Embroidered Jaspe Bedspread; 1 Embroidered Art. Silk Table Centre. Also handsome Art. Silk Embroidered Tea Cloth, 4 Serviettes to match. Complete Bale sent on for your free Approval upon receipt of 3/6 Deposit. If satisfactory Balance Payable 5/- Monthly until 59/6 is paid, or Full Cash, after 7 days 55/- only. Write for Illustrated Bedding List.—

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.99), 84-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

Yours for 2/6 deposit

LIQUIDATION STOCK THOUSANDS OF WONDERFUL BARGAINS OFFERED ON EASY TERMS. SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE OF PLATINUM SET DIAMOND & GEM RINGS, WATCH BRACELETS, GENTS POCKET & WRISTLET WATCHES.

£5.5.0 Value for £3.3.0

Yours for 2/6 Deposit

Solid Gold English Hall Marked Ladies' Wrist Watch. Fine Quality Jewelled Movement. Opal Dial. Timed to a minute a month. Fitted Milanese Mesh Bracelet adjustable to any size. Sent for 2/6 Deposit. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- Monthly until £3.7.6 is paid or Full Cash after approval £3.3.0 only. Write for Fully Illus. List of 3,000 Bargains.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.14), 90-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

FOR PERFECT HEALTH WEAR A BODY BELT

1/3 POST 3d.

These body belts are made from Superfine Woolly material, well-finished, adjustable to fit comfortably lower part of back for protection against Colds, Chills, etc.—Prevents Kidney Weakness, Lumbago, etc., and gives general uplift to stomach muscles. All brand new and perfect—worth many times our price. Send now to take advantage of this exceptional offer.

2/- 2/6 POST FREE

BARNES STORES (PTH) Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.), 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
and at 48, Kingston Road, Portsmouth

DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no manipulation, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. B.31), 248, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

THE H SAMUEL BIG BOOK OF GIFTS FREE FOR THIS COUPON

POST THIS COUPON NOW!!

To H. SAMUEL, Dept. 195, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER, 1.
Please send me your BIG FREE XMAS BOOK of Watches for Active Service, Diamond Rings, Jewellery, Clocks, Silverware, and Cutlery.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Post in unsealed envelope for ½d. stamp.)

SNIP OUT AND POST THIS COUPON—NOW. H. Samuel's magnificent FREE book is packed with gifts your friends will treasure a lifetime. And you save up to 50 per cent. by the famous H. Samuel direct-from-factory prices. Good watches, guaranteed diamond rings, fine jewellery designed by master craftsmen—all are sold under H. Samuel's MONTH'S TRIAL offer which guarantees your satisfaction or your money refunded. Get this Book now—HURRY—it brings bigger value to you than ever.

17/6
For ladies on active service. Reliable movement. Chromium case. Silk wrist strap. Guaranteed 12/6
Modern design chromium watch for men. Made for hard wear. Guaranteed timekeeper 17/6
12/6

H. SAMUEL

THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER

90 Branches throughout Great Britain.

Headquarters—Market St., Manchester 1.

IMPROVED FIRELIGHTER WITHOUT WOOD OR PAPER

PENN'S INSTANT FIRELIGHTER instantly lights coal or coke fire. No wood or paper required. Can be used indefinitely. This British-made FIRELIGHTER is a great labour-saver and is wanted in every home. Does not burn away. Always ready. No mess. Quick and economical. Saves relaying fires. Can be lit thousands of times with a match.

Excellent also for reviving a dead fire and for burning garden rubbish.

Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. F.J.B.), 283, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

PARENTS — WHAT — OF THE — NIGHT?

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table

8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from to-day's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

E. J. RILEY Ltd.
ARGOSY WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 12, 44/47, Hougate St., London, E.C.1

GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 5/9

Post 6d.

An exceptional offer of genuine London Busmen's Navy Blue serge trousers, very slightly worn. In first-class condition. Thoroughly cleaned and pressed. Seam strongly sewn and reinforced. New waist linings. Men requiring trousers for exceptional hard wear and service will find these garments unbeatable. All sizes 32 ins. to 44 ins. waist and usual leg lengths. MADE UNDER CONTRACT, these garments, because of their first-class condition, can only be obtained on very rare occasions. D.B. jacket to match 6/6. Complete suit 15/-, Post 9d. Order with confidence. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

WILLSON BROS. (Dept. A)
Upper High St., Epsom, Surrey.
Government Contractors.

WISE MEN ARE WEARING THE NEW 'VERGAS' BELT 6/6 POST FREE

—the same it gives support and safety with comfort hitherto unobtainable. Supports the abdominal muscles, making you look slimmer and feel years younger—better to tackle work without fatigue or strain. Braces sagging stomach muscles. Prevents liver and kidney disorders. Ensures natural functioning. NOTE: We advise the belt FREE of CHARGE after the months' wear. Scientifically constructed of superfine elastic web. Washable and hygienic 6/6 post free. Send NOW, stating waist measurement, to VERGAS (Dept. J.B.), 120, Baker St., London, W.1.

ESSENTIAL TO ARMY, NAVY & AIRFORCE MEN, WARDENS, POLICE LORRY-DRIVERS, HIKERS, etc.

PROFESSIONALS PLAY 6-STRING SPANISH GUITARS REDUCED PRICE 3/11

Manufacturer's surplus to be cleared. An exceptional opportunity to acquire one of these handsome mahogany finished Guitars with Sycamore grained front and Mother-of-Pearl finished sound chamber tip. A professionally strung regulation model with anti-slip pegs to tune the 6 strings. YOU will easily be able to play haunting music within 30 minutes.

Sent complete with tuner for the ridiculous price of only 3/11. Post and packing 7d.

UTILITY PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.1)
97, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

POST ETC. 7d.

THE LATEST FROM U.S.A. FLAMELESS LIGHTER 3/9 POST 3d.

PROFESSIONALS TO ARP WORKERS

Further consignment from World's Fair. Surplus Order makes such amazing offer possible. Pierc lighter to cigarette and draw—that's all! No sparks, flame, smoke or smell, yet gives quick, positive light EVEN IN A GALE OR DOWNPOUR. Works every time. The ideal "Black-out" Lighter. Smaller than lipstick. Usually 6/6. Our price only 3/9, post 3d., complete and ready for use. Send P.O. 4/- NOW or call.

Trade enquiries invited. **DAVIES & DYWIEN LTD.**
(MODERN PRODUCTS DEPT. J.B.),
56, Berners St., London, W.1. *Telephone: MUS 0930*

FAMOUS PIANO ACCORDIONS SAVE POUNDS

SELLING OFF! Owing to war, entire stock must be cleared immediately! Desperate prices! Amazing bargains! Callers welcomed—open till 8 p.m. Hohner 34 piano, 24 bass, £3! Gemelli 34 piano, 26 bass, £4! Crotcinelli 34 piano, 48 bass, £4 10s.! Gemelli 34 piano, 60 bass, £5! Pietro 41 piano, 120 bass, 3 voice, coupler, £7 10s.! Soprani 41 piano, 120 bass, 4 voice, coupler, £8 10s.! Crotcinelli 41 piano, 120 bass, 4 voice, coupler, curved keyboard, £10 10s.! Also models by Bertini, Paolo Soprani, Galanti, Boccherini, etc.—all same reductions. Cash or terms and part exchanges. Write for lists.

FRANCIS (Dept. J.B.5), 39/39a, Essex Road, London, N.1

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

The NO SOAP–NO BRUSH Method of Shaving

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the world are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

SHAVEX

is sold in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from: SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R.11), 40, Bleaheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19

He: Ah, I see you've remembered my Shavex.

She: Of course, you silly darling, it's the first thing I thought of. I know you wouldn't be without it. And look, I'm putting in a tablet of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It's so nice and refreshing and so good for the skin.

He: It certainly smells nice. I like a Lavender scent. Thank you, my thoughtful little wife.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL COSTS 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.16), 40, Bleaheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps my skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weathers .... ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you; dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes, even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

IN PEACE AND WAR

YOUR SHIELD OF PROTECTION

IN the years when Peace was in the land, when men and women went about their business and children played, unaware of the meaning of evacuation, "John Bull," with its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, stood four square as the vigilant friend of all its readers, helping to maintain their confidence in the future by providing vital protection against the perils of everyday life.

Under this scheme over £650,000 has been paid to registered readers.

A land at peace. A people at peace, safeguarded by a journal of which readers, themselves, have said; "'John Bull' is something more than paper and ink."

Then the world turned turtle. A ruthless, ambitious tyrant, ignoring the laws of humanity and the liberties of peoples, compelled this country to take up arms in the cause of an enduring and just peace—and a new peril had to be faced.

The citizens of this fair land and their families found themselves living under the threatened battle skies of Nazi bombers.

JOHN BULL ACTS

With characteristic foresight "John Bull" acted, and took a momentous step that will go down in the annals of publishing history. To an anxious and wondering populace it announced its stupendous offer of—

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at Lloyd's

FOR EVERY READER

A new confidence and a new feeling of security was born.

As in Peace, so in War, "John Bull" will be your Shield of Protection.

Moreover, "John Bull" still provides Free Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Below are details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance and Comprehensive Household Security Gift:—

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200 should the Reader and his wife be killed.
£100 for either.
£100 for loss of two limbs.
£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.
£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
£50 for loss of one limb.
£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

ALL-IN HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM & FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY & HOUSE-BREAKING up to £500.

Make sure of this Double Security to-day! You cannot afford to delay a moment. Every hour counts. Use the forms below NOW!

ONE REGISTRATION COVERS BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B.2/12/39.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 130, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B.2/12/39.

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER.

Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains! A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY, 139 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 6/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Burslem.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. Bazaar Goods, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (128), Birmingham.

XMAS WHOLESALE Catalogues now ready. Keenest values and prompt deliveries for the draper, market man, etc. Send p.c.—Archers, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

TO preserve Records you must have good Needles. SONOTONE GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES are just perfect. Loud, Medium, Soft. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios, 6d. per 100. —Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Sheffield.

DRAPERS.—164-page Illus. Winter Catalogue post free. Covers all Depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at Keenest prices. Satis. guar. Trade Only.—Myers & Co. (L. & M.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons. Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1885 free.—Dudley's, 481, Holloway Road, N.7.

RABBIT NETS, Guns, Snares, Ferreting Tackle, Bird, Partridge Nets; cat. free; easy payments arr.—Young's (J.B.), Misterton, Som.

WALLPAPER direct from works. 250 patterns, post free. Delivery as usual. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. B, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. New season's patterns. Post free both ways.—Bruce & Hall (J.B.) South Shields.

CARNIVAL HATS, NOVELTIES, BALLOONS, Decorations. Fancy Costumes. Illus. list free. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WHAT! YOU CAN'T GET BATTERIES? Then send an order to C. Davies, who will deliver by return. See announcement, page 2.

EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED.

EXPERIENCED SETTERS

for Turret Lathes, Capstans, Automatics and Milling Machines, also Inspectors with Fine Limit experience. FULL DISTRICT RATES, good working conditions and piecework. Permanent work to suitable applicants.—Apply personally or by letter to: Employment Dept., AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Strowger Works, Liverpool, 7, or to Mr. Maitland, AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Melbourne House Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London.—W.C.2

POLICEMEN WANTED for various parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. — For full details of easy Entrance write, B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

TRACERS AND DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS required urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-time Entrance service, and details of pay and duties in the various branches. — B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

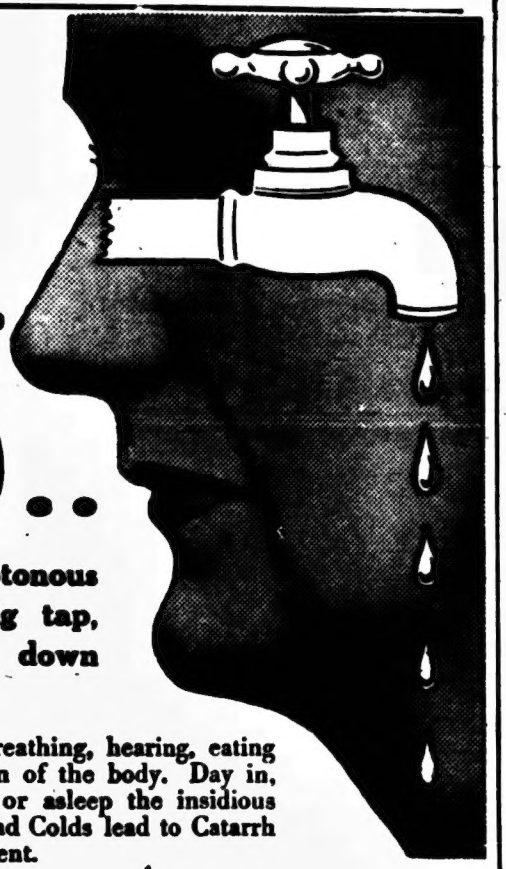
MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

CATARRH sufferers should not overlook the display announcement on this page.

RUN-DOWN MEN, WOMEN! FEEL FIT AS EVER. New Ovatrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster vitamins and general invigorators. First dose starts new health and vigour or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/6. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors.

MOTHERS, send for this free Book! If you have a baby, you must have a copy of "The Little Red Book." Just send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17, and a free copy will come by return.

Drip.. Drip.. Drip..



Every minute with monotonous regularity, like a dripping tap, Catarrh poisons trickle down your throat

This germ-laden mucus affects breathing, hearing, eating and, in fact, nearly every function of the body. Day in, day out, whether you are awake or asleep the insidious poisoning goes on. Neglected Head Colds lead to Catarrh and should receive urgent treatment.

CATARRH

CAUSES CONSTANTLY RECURRING COLDS | LEADS TO SERIOUS CHEST COMPLAINTS | DULLS THE BRAIN | POISONS THE BLOOD STREAM | CREATES DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES

You can smash Catarrh in a few days.
You can wake up To-morrow feeling 100% better than to-day!

'Mentholatum' enables you to STOP Catarrh where it starts. Clear your NOSE —and keep it clear—with 'Mentholatum'. This amazing breathable balm—when applied into the nostrils—volatilises instantly. Its super-active antiseptic vapours disperse choking mucus, rid your nose of germs, subdue inflammation, stop infection and open up stuffed breathing passages. 'Mentholatum' Brand Balm stays where it is put and keeps active for hours. There is nothing like it. Stops Head Colds overnight and even Chronic Catarrh yields to it! Of All Chemists at 6d. & 1/3. Get some today.

MENTHOLATUM
BRAND BALM

6D. tins and 1/3 jars all chemists—Stops the Attack or Money Back

If you prefer ask for the LIQUID form, price 1/3 complete with dropper.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

ALL CLUB AGENTS MUST SEE largest and best Club Catalogue just issued. 472 pages! 3,000 Bargains! Generous commission and bonuses. Send for complete Outfit, value 7/6, FREE, from Great Universal Stores, Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to take up profitable spare-time occupation. No risk. No outlay. Equipment provided free. From £2 up to £8 and more can easily be made in just a few minutes each week. Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furnishings and Household Goods, direct from the Warehouse at Warehouse prices, on 1/- weekly terms. Send postcard for the Bargain Catalogue (no increase in prices) and fullest details to Dept. J.B.40, WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE, Manchester, 1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A FREE sample of Dr. Blosser Medical Cigarettes is offered on page 27. Simply fill in and post the coupon.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

CATARRH sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 210, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 3d. stamp. Offer appears on page 28.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422W), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. See page 33.

FREE to mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.F.317), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See page 25.

FREE to rheumatic sufferers! A free trial supply of Curicones, a valuable remedy for all forms of rheumatism, will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull* (Dept. J.B.2), Stephen Matthews & Co., Mfg. Chemist, 19/21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Accompanying the trial supply will come a special booklet explaining all about the Curicone treatment.

ARE you a sampler? Do you respond to advertisements which offer samples? You ought to. It is a way of trying out all kinds of things which you might never know about. Make a habit of answering the advertisements and testing the goods.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS
OFFERING SPECIAL
A.R.P. LINES

Need not limit trade to Local requirements. In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 23, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS. Pre-War Prices. 56/0 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 200-hole board, 3/9, and illus cat., BURDON HUNTER, 36, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

A RECIPE for a delicious Jam Roly Poly appears in Borwick's Baking Powder announcement on page 36.

IS your Radio dependable? If not, invest in a new one. Bush Button Radio gives you all you want in reliability, reception, good tone and appearance and price! Sets can be obtained from as low as 5½ gns. See page 23.

DON'T neglect your garden. Keep it bright and cheerful. Bees, of Liverpool, offer a special line of Roses on page 25. Write for free catalogue.

MAKE your meals tastier with Mason's O.K. Sauce—the sauce that does you good. It is a delightful combination of healthful fruits which is both good for and enjoyed by children. See page 27.

A BOOKLET of immediate practical importance to all dog-owners, entitled "How to care for your dog in war time," is now available free on application. It contains a wealth of practical hints regarding exercise during black-outs, war ration feeding, blastproof kennels, management of nervous dogs, etc., etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bob Martin, Ltd. (60E), Union Street, Southport, Lancs.

FREE.—Particulars of the leading British Fretwork Outfits are contained in a leaflet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 45), Dereham, Norfolk, for free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies' Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

ARE you looking for Furniture bargains? Send for this free catalogue. Home lovers should make a point of getting copies of the catalogue containing the latest bargains offered by Jay's Furnishing Stores on page 23. Modern Dining Room and Bedroom Suites can be obtained on such low terms as 2s. 6d. weekly. You can also get your Piano or Radio on easy terms. Delivery on first payment. A wide range of latest models to choose from. If requested, a travelling representative will call, bringing you photographs and patterns of the latest designs and coverings of suites. Take the first step by filling in the coupon on page 23. This will help to solve your problems.

A SPECIAL announcement of importance to all *John Bull* readers appears on the front cover. The issue of the new National Savings Certificates will enable you to make your contribution to paying for the war. These certificates are on sale at all Post Offices, Savings Banks and Certificate Stock Banks throughout the country. Give your full support to this appeal, the success of which will be a vital contribution in helping to bring us victory!

DETACHABLE REAR LIGHT FOR CYCLES. 1/6 only, complete. Illum. Pedestrian Beacon Buttons. A real warning of approach and A.R.P. torchlight container for 9d. See Chiswick Eng. Co. advert., page 3.

A NEW INVENTION. The Modern A.R.P. Lighter. Cannot fail, even in gale and rain. No flint or wick. Only 3/9, from Davis and Dywien, Ltd., 88, Berners Street, London, W.1.

THE NEW VERGAS BELT gives support to abdominal muscles. Makes one slimmer, saving fatigue and strain. See Vergas announcement, page 3.

AIR RAIDS.

MAKE your windows shatterproof with transparent solution. Easily applied. 1/6 bot. (Post 6d.) covers 40 ord. panes. Save terrible risk of cuts from broken glass. Also amazing new "Flame-proof Powder" now available (Sample packet 1/3, post 6d.) Any fabric treated cannot catch fire. Order now from Howard Scott, Ltd., 101, Gray's Inn Road, Loudon, W.C.1. (Holborn 6918.) Trade Enquiries Invited.

Norma gives some good advice

Humphrey has caught the woman who took Baby Norma away

The woman pours out her story while Norma listens sympathetically

Norma forgives the woman for taking her child away

Before she goes Norma gives her some good advice

The complexions of children and grown-ups alike benefit from the gentle stimulation of Knight's Castile. Its creamy lather will do wonders for your complexion —save you from ever getting "Tired Skin."

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

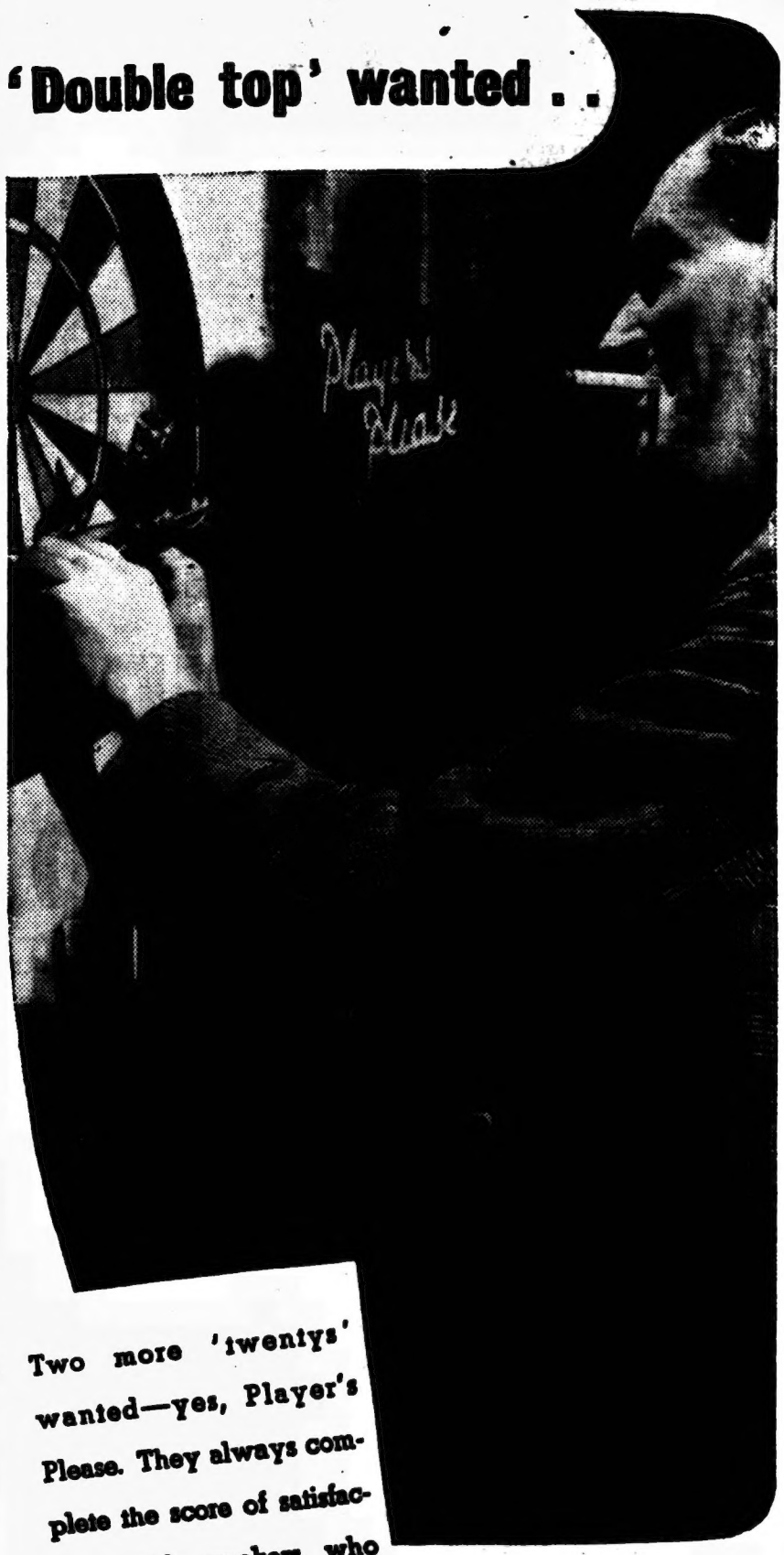
4D PER TABLET U.K. ONLY

How does the war affect Norma? Read on and see.

KC 200-66-68

JOHN KNIGHT LTD.—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

'Double top' wanted . .



Two more 'twenty's' wanted—yes, Player's Please. They always complete the score of satisfaction with smokers who know a good cigarette—'Medium' or 'Mild'.

Player's are always in the picture . . .

CIGARETTES MEDIUM MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS · 10-7D · 20-1/1½D

N.C.C.1060

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Dec. 2, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

3 MONTHS NEARER PEACE

THREE months of war. Three months nearer peace. Discounting complacency, they have proved far more favourable to the Allies than any of us dared to imagine.

Glance at the balance-sheet, reckon profit and loss, assess the chances of the future.

Not So Offensive

STALEMATE on land. Hitler's fuming threats to hurl his grey-clad legions against the invulnerable fortresses of the Maginot Line, even at a cost of a million or more men, have merely led to agitated conferences with his generals at which nothing is decided.

Desperate intentions of wading through Dutch floods and scaling Swiss mountains have had to be abandoned.

Unlikely now, thanks to mud and threats of snow, that any great offensive on the Western Front will be launched before the Spring.

Churchill's Plans

HITLER'S "secret weapon" has been fired at sea to the horror and anger of even his former friends.

Powerful mines, sinking ships of enemies and neutrals alike, are a new but not wholly unexpected problem for our Navy. Already minesweepers are clearing sea routes.

Churchill plans to employ 600 such vessels if necessary.

We must expect further serious losses before the "secret weapon" is laid in Davy Jones' locker.

Remember that the toll levied on our shipping has been negligible compared with that of the first three months of the last war.

U-Boat Mastered!

GRIEVOUS losses in the Navy itself. The poignant tragedies of the *Courageous*, *Royal Oak*, two destroyers and smaller vessels.

Against that, set the cold fact that the U-Boat has been mastered. More than twenty Nazi submarines will never again rise from the sea's dark depths. More than a third of the total U-Boat fleet will never return to port.

Remember, also, that last time it took us three years of war to reach this stage in the struggle to ultimate victory.

Nazi Wings Folded

IN the air, Nazi wings have scarcely dared to soar.

We prepared to see our cities devastated, our courage screwed up by continual mass raids.

Maybe they will come.

If so we are ready, we shall give more than we receive.

So far the few bombers that have ventured to our shores have been pounded by guns, riddled by our fighters, destroyed or defeated.

Dare they attack us in force without the protection of their own fighters, which cannot make the journey from Germany to Britain without violating neutral territory?

In a Bad Way

ECONOMICALLY, Hitler's plight is grave. Our blockade has placed a stranglehold round his neck, as even his own newspapers are now admitting.

The Soviet pact has brought him little material gain, filched half the Poland he invaded, antagonised his former allies.

Faced By Intrigues

IN his own land he is faced by intrigues, sullenness and privations. Already the pot of rebellion is simmering, occasionally boils over despite watching Gestapo and S.S. guards.

Do not expect that soon it will run over and drown the infamies of Hitlerism.

The longer the discontent brews, the more scalding it will become.

We can afford to wait.

Becoming Stronger

EVERY day our forces become stronger, our enemies' anxieties more acute. Our chief necessity is patience. **Our preparations for a long and relentless conflict cannot be relaxed.**

We have the satisfaction of knowing that the first three months of the strangest war in history have shattered our enemies' plans without impairing ours.

Taking the Strain

OUR sinews of war are being tautened to meet any strain. No compulsory loan is being levied upon us. But Defence bonds at 3 per cent. interest, new National Savings Certificates, deposits in P.O. Savings Bank and Trustee Savings Banks will enable people to make our defences invincible.

Only the poorest should fail to invest in these first-class holdings. Help yourself, help the nation, by sparing all you can possibly afford!

1d.-A-Week Appeal

THEN there's the 1d.-a-week Red Cross appeal, supported by T.U.C. and employers alike. Start a fund in your office, shop or factory, give a penny a week from your wages to buy extra comforts for the troops, extra equipment for war hospitals, help for injured civilians, inquiries for soldiers posted as "wounded and missing."

Such funds are raised by threats or crushing taxation in Germany. Here we appeal to the good nature of our workers.

See that the Red Cross does not appeal in vain!

This Won't Do!

SOME funds should be wound up. Sir John Simon admits that the Treasury Pensions Account, swollen to £25,000,000, is being kept in case it's needed during "the next seven years or so."

Yet old age pensioners are refused an extra shilling to help them eke out existence in days of dearer living!

(Continued on page 8)

WE ARE READY!

WHEN this country was plunged into war, the Nation stood by expecting air raids on a vast scale. For weeks the peril of air raids went no further than typical Nazi threats, but now the war in the skies above this island is **real** and the menace to the people comes closer. Nazi aircraft have flown over many parts of the land. Air battles have been fought. Up to the time of going to press with this issue of "John Bull," no bombs have yet been dropped on open towns, but who is to say how long we shall be immune? Now, as never before, everyone must be prepared.

Our Air Force, A.A. Units, Observer Corps, A.R.P. Organisations are ready. And "John Bull," too, is ready to bring comfort and practical assistance to its readers under the vital wartime protection provided by "John Bull's"

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

"John Bull" offers to every reader a £200 Free Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at LLOYD'S.

In addition "John Bull" provides Free Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Use the Registration Forms on page 4 NOW.

You cannot afford to delay a single day.

Behind the News

MEAT rationing has been again postponed, perhaps for ever. Argentina has decided to prevent sales of beef and all other commodities to any countries except Britain and France.

*

Britain's aircraft, proved best by war performance, are much in demand abroad. Yugoslavia wants permission to build British types under licence. Turkey is building a new air arm on the British model.

*

British broadcasts in Turkish are believed to have ended any chance Von Papen may have had of winning over remnants of the Old Turks movement.

*

United States experts have produced a torpedo motor launch, little bigger than a lifeboat, which can also carry depth charges and skim over minefields at the speed of an express train. Allied officials, now testing it, are expected to order several hundreds.

*

Dr. Otto Strasser, "Hitler's worst enemy," who declares that Germany is now ripe for revolt, is coming to London shortly. Since his brother was murdered by Nazis, he has lived in France, operating his own secret service.

*

Hitler has found a new food-taster. Since the mysterious death of the previous holder of this office search has been made for an Austrian who knew how to prepare his food, but wouldn't poison him. Gestapo Chief Himmler has now found an old lady without political views who is said, perhaps maliciously, to be an expert maker of chocolate éclairs.

*

Although in disgrace, Von Brauchitsch had to be consulted about the plan to invade Holland, because he is still supreme commander of the Reichswehr and highly popular. He opposed the plan, demanded the retirement of Ribbentrop and greater political power for the Army. Hitler refused, but agreed to delay the invasion, particularly in view of United States opinion.

*

Monarchist agitation has led to Gestapo men being drafted into the Nazi Army without their identity being revealed to commanding officers.

*

New Nazi law reduces death penalty age from eighteen to sixteen. Several boys of seventeen have already been executed for sabotage, now including "ca' canny" in arms factories.

*

Nazis in Czechoslovakia are confiscating Catholic abbeys, lands, investments and jewels. Members of the Henlein Party, as a reward for their work before the German invasion, are being appointed commissioners of this property at fine salaries. Fuel for further trouble?

Continued from previous page

How Much to Keep a Child?

SIR JOHN ANDERSON, Home Secretary, is fair game for hecklers. His latest worry is the jail rioting.

Convicts object to removal to less modern jails in "safe areas," think they should share the amnesty granted to petty offenders at outbreak of war.

Hidden reason is inadequate staffs of warders, due to false economy. Prison officers, always overworked and badly paid, are having to hold themselves in readiness during their off-duty periods to deal with any fresh outbreak of rioting.

Heroic 'Busman

EVERY 'busman in London has shared in the honour conferred on Flying-Officer Graveley, the gallant "6d.-a-week airman" who learned to fly at the club formed by the Busmen's Sports Association.

Every 'busman contributes to the association financing the flying club. The comparative few who trained as pilots could never have done so, because of the cost of tuition and maintenance of aircraft, but for the support of the many.

Fine example of co-operation!

Standard Allowance

LABOUR women M.P.s are urging a standard official allowance for maintaining children.

Income tax rebate for each child is £50 a year.

The "dole" allows only 3s. a week. The Unemployment Assistance Board has a sliding scale ranging from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d., while the War Office allows from 5s. to 3s. for soldiers' children.

Ups and Downs

A 5s. pension for the children of dead soldiers, evacuees are paid for at the rate of 10s. 6d. or 8s. 6d.

Fathers injured in air raids will get 3s. for each child.

If completely disabled, they will receive 5s. for the first child, 3s. 4d. for the next two, and nothing for other children.

Black-out Blues

LOCAL authorities, waiting impatiently for results of "less black-out" in Liverpool and London's Edgware Road, are at sixes and sevens in their interpretation of restrictions.

Many towns, even with munition works near by, seem to take no action against folk who haven't bothered to black-out bathroom windows. Yet a man has been fined for using a torch in an uncurtained room.

One chief constable says that even striking a match in the street could lead to prosecution. Another refuses to allow lighted signs, saying that only the word "Open" may be illuminated.

Why there is no general rule is among the minor mysteries of the war.

Air, Please!

THERE are to be more white lights in trains. The number of lit coaches allowed by the Government will be ready for Christmas traffic.

Passengers find that windows on such trains are now hermetically sealed, and they are half suffocated at the end of a long journey.

Surely it isn't beyond the wits of railway engineers to devise ventilation that would not interfere with the black-out?

Mew!

MINISTRY of Economic Warfare—offshoot of the Board of Trade—is now getting into its stride.

Despite its telegraphic address, "Whiskers, London," its experts are showing no grandfatherly sluggishness in working the new Anglo-French economic alliance, and continuing with the job of preventing goods from reaching Germany.

French officials, delighted with its smooth progress, privately echo JOHN BULL'S suggestion that the economic co-operation may well prove the beginning of a Federated States of Europe.

Yorkshire State

REASON for satisfaction, too, that Nazi broadcasts in English are getting sillier and wilder, suggest that the propagandists are suffering from nerves.

The appeal for a further 20,000 Army volunteers, they say, is due to the need for guarding our bridges and roads, now being exploded by our discontented people!

We now await a Berlin bulletin announcing that Yorkshiremen have risen in revolt and formed an independent kingdom.

Official Spies

OFFICIAL spies have been installed in every factory in the Czech districts of Bohemia and Moravia.

German workers have already been drafted in, and the new decree demands one "Speaker of the Germans" for every five Nazi workers.

The "speaker" will not speak, but listen—and report to the Gestapo.

Out of the Line

FOR all Nazi denials of the Czech rising, 200,000 shock-troops have been rushed from the Siegfried Line to Bohemia, because Gestapo agents cannot suppress Czech conspiracies.

Other divisions have had to be transferred to Poland, where armed guerrilla bands are harassing Nazi garrisons.

In Neutral Ports

IN their frantic search for foreign currency, now more frantic because of our blockade of German exports, Hitler's advisers are trying to sell Nazi ships which have been cowering in neutral ports.

The *Bremen* and other liners have been offered to Russia for oil and manganese supplies.

Wits' End

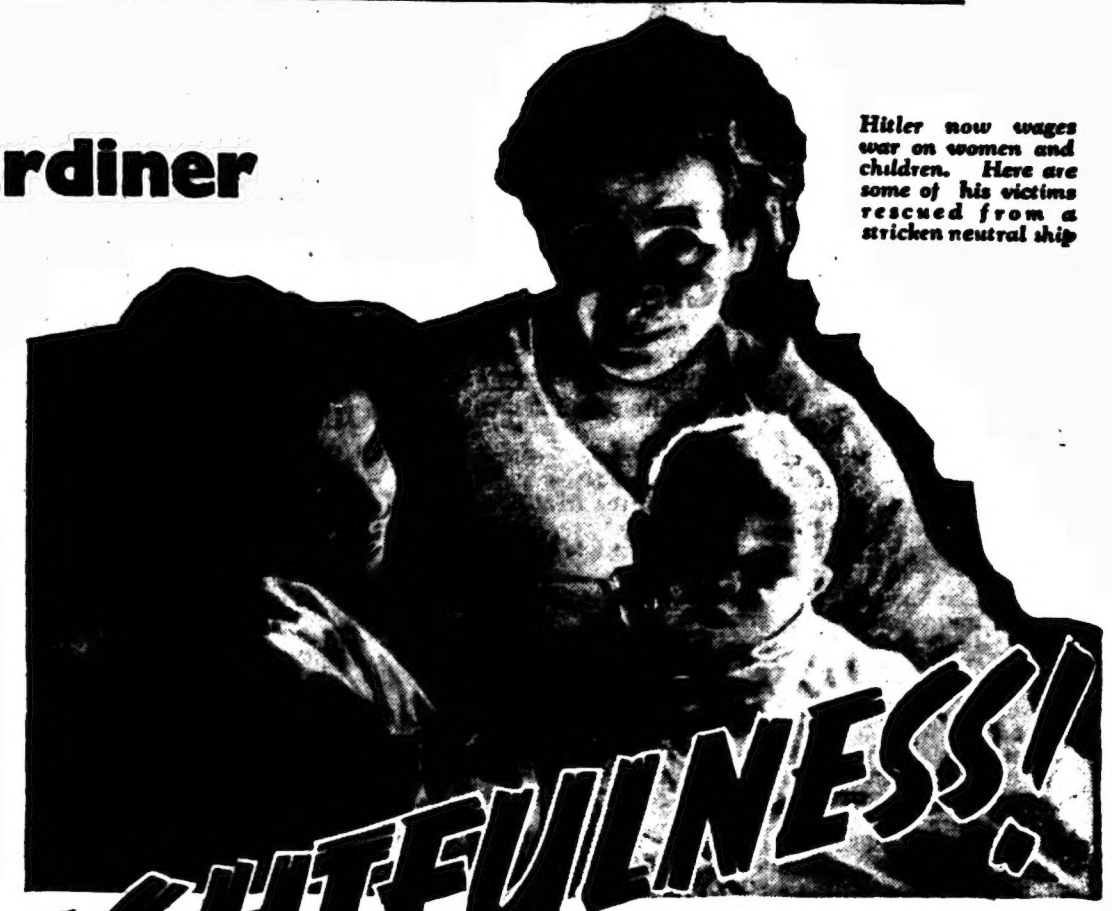
BARTER proposals have been made more difficult because Admiral Raeder wants more submarines.

So heavy have been the sinkings of U-boats that, at his wits' end, he wants to exchange his best merchant ships for any submarines that neutral countries may have to spare.

Forlorn hope!

Once before, a campaign of unrestricted Frightfulness brought its own Nemesis—utter and overwhelming defeat. It will be so again!

By A. G. Gardiner



Hitler now wages war on women and children. Here are some of his victims rescued from a stricken neutral ship

FRIGHTFULNESS!

HITLER has filed his petition in bankruptcy. His plunge into the wildest excesses of frightfulness is a declaration of the fact.

In the first weeks of the war, before hostilities have well begun, he has snatched at the last desperate weapon which the Kaiser did not dare to adopt until the Great War had been in progress for two and a half years and until the certainty of defeat stared him in the face.

It was the gambler's last throw then, and it failed.

It is the gangster's first throw now, and it is as sure an omen of failure.

The fact that Hitler has hoisted the flag of distress more than two years before the Kaiser could be induced to hoist it is profoundly significant.

It is not explained only by the difference in the two men.

That explanation must be allowed for. The Kaiser, with all his faults, had the tradition of a civilised society and knew the perils of antagonising world opinion by resort to naked barbarism.

He challenged those perils only when no other way of escape offered.

Hitler, on the other hand, is a homicidal maniac whose only gospel is violence and who meets every situation with crime.

He burns down the Reichstag to win an election.

He massacres his colleagues in cold blood to silence opposition.

He fakes a bomb attack on himself to stoke up the fires of vengeance against England.

His passion for frightfulness is exhibited now in a hideous pogrom against the Jews, now in the torture of his thousands of prisoners, now in the slaughter of the Prague students.

But though he revels in terrorism for its own sake, there is another reason why he is sowing the seas with dynamite regardless of whom he may destroy.

It is that he knows that he has lost the war before it has well begun.

He has lost it on land. He has lost it at sea. He is fast losing it in the air.

His lightning war is a damp squib. His boasts have turned out to be sound and fury.

His secret police are at war with his people at home, and he is enveloped on all sides by nations openly hostile or secretly hoping for his downfall.

His prestige, founded on fear of his might, is vanishing as that might is discredited, and his economic whip-hand over Europe is failing.

His invasion of Holland has had to be abandoned, and the Dutch airmen resolutely shoot down his 'planes.

The Rumanian oil that seemed so nearly within his grasp has become inaccessible.

All the Balkan countries that cowered before his shadow three months ago are now standing erect and formidable under the leadership of Turkey and with the blessing of his old Axis ally, Italy.

Gone are all his dreams of a descent to the Mediterranean, of an eastern empire extending to the Ukraine, of an unchallenged sovereignty of the Baltic.

He is not where the Kaiser was in 1914. He is not where the Kaiser was in 1917. He is not even where the Kaiser was in the Spring of 1918.

The Only Trump He Has Left

These are the facts which have dictated Hitler's plunge. Frightfulness is the only gamble that gives him a chance of victory.

Let us see what substance there is in that chance. We can estimate it by what happened in 1917.

Then, as now, the Germans realised that it was the pressure of British sea power that was slowly spelling out their doom.

If that power was not broken, the end was assured. The goal aimed at was to make access to the British ports so perilous to all shipping that this country would be starved into surrender.

No one who lived, as I did, in daily touch with the real facts of that tremendous gamble will forget the experience. We can admit to-day that it nearly "came off."

Tirpitz unleashed all his U-boats with instructions to torpedo at sight. Mines were laid by the thousand and the ten thousand.

These islands were ringed around, as they are to-day, with the instruments of death.

The sinkings rose with frightful menace—260 in February, 338 in March, 430 in April.

Of every four vessels that left these shores in April one went to the bottom. Six months more on the same scale would have brought us to our knees.

And the gamble utterly failed. It was defeated by many things: the heroism of the merchant marine, the colossal output of the shipyards, the bravery of the mine-sweepers, but chiefly by the belated adoption of the convoy system.

By August the peril was abating. By November the peril had passed. And German frightfulness had brought the United States into the war.

IT HAD MOBILISED WORLD OPINION AGAINST THE ORGY OF INDISCRIMINATE MURDER.

Frightfulness had brought its own Nemesis—utter and overwhelming defeat.

Can the Germany of Hitler succeed where the Germany of the Kaiser so signally failed?

There is no temptation to under-rate the menace. In one sense we are the most vulnerable people on earth, dependent for three-quarters of our food on sea-borne supplies.

If Hitler could seal our ports with mines he could seal our doom more quickly than our blockade could seal his.

But on the visible facts his power of doing so is decisively inferior to that of the Kaiser in 1917.

Give Thanks to Our Seamen!

Then the German navy was second only to our own; to-day, apart from raiders and U-boats, the German navy can hardly be said to exist.

Then the technique of mine-sweeping and of hunting the submarine had not been evolved; to-day the art of defence has caught up with the art of attack.

Then (most important of all) the convoy system had not been adopted; to-day it is in full operation and is working with such success that the losses under its shield are negligible.

It is too soon to say that the issue between the surface craft and the submarine enemy is settled.

There may still be some abyss of frightfulness to which Hitler has not yet sunk.

But this we may say, there is a startling contrast between the devastations of the mines and the submarines in the Spring of 1917, when the sinkings in one month approximated to a million tons, and those of the present unrestricted submarine campaign.

And this justifies a sober confidence that frightfulness is once more doomed to failure.

It should deepen, too, our gratitude to the brave men of our naval and merchant services, and most of all to the mine-sweepers, who, in warding off the gravest menace we have at the risk of their own lives, are also winning the battle of civilisation against barbarism.

There is one other respect in which frightfulness will recoil on its authors.

In the end the moral factor in war is as potent as the material factors, and in inflicting indiscriminate murder on all who go down to the sea in ships, friend and foe alike, Hitler has proclaimed himself the common enemy of the human race.

WHEN HE FALLS THERE IS NOT A NATION ON EARTH THAT WILL NOT REJOICE.

THE MEANING OF THE SEA

By "J.M."

THE Sea to us means Honour, the Sea to us means Fame, the Sea to us means clean things untouched by Breath of Shame. And all our Ships are proud Ships, and all our Ships are fair, and the grandest thing about them is the splendid Name they bear.

The Sea to us means Chivalry, the Sea to us means Strength, the Sea to us means Bravery across its breadth and length. And every Sea road knows us, for the sort of Ships we are, and every Sea port hails us in good faith from near and far.

The Sea to us means Trading, the Sea to us means Food, the Sea to us means all the things for which our Navy's stood. The Sea to us means Custody of Living Souls and more, it means to us the Ships of Man God-Sped from shore to shore.

The Sea to us means Victory, the Sea to us means Peace, the Sea to us means Vigil from which our Watch will never cease. Then may our Ships in Glory be covered as they ride, peaceward and homeward WITH HONOUR SATISFIED.

Service!

Tommy, Jack & Bill

SEVERAL boy soldiers are so eager to remain in France that Mr. Hore-Belisha is trying to relax the regulations for them.

Newspaper reports of this minor war incident have made parents fear that other under-nineteen soldiers may not be brought home from the front line.

They needn't worry

No recruits under nineteen will be sent to France. Those already there are being returned.

But the Navy still refuses to fall into line. Boys of fifteen are at sea on active service.

The Admiralty belief that "they can't be spared" won't hold a thimbleful of salt water.

Mr. Churchill, champion of democracy, must conform to democracy's wishes.

Letters from the parents of these boys are among the most poignant received by our Free Advice Service, which continues to deal with all problems baffling Servicemen's families and other war-perplexed readers.

Here are two posers:

Mrs. L. A., Birmingham.—"Are auxiliary part-time firemen exempt from military service?"

No; but they will be retained on home defence as long as possible

Miss G., Edinburgh.—"My unmarried brother shared home with me before he was called up; can I obtain an Army allowance since I can no longer keep up mortgage payments on our house?"

Allowance can be claimed only if he were your sole means of support. You are protected against foreclosure on the house, but should ask the building society to accept reduced payments.

If you, too, are in doubt on any matter—whether it concerns the war or not—write to our Free Advice Service, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

FIGHTING for the fighting man in war and peace, JOHN BULL gives him and his dependents every assistance. This page is a testament of JOHN BULL'S determination to go on helping the men in the SERVICES

He faces the dangers of naval warfare with typical courage, knowing that "John Bull" will protect his interests

"Greatest of These . . ."

KNOWING how difficult it is to make ends meet even on a reasonable budget now the cost of living is rapidly increasing, you can well imagine the misery of George Pugh, a sixty-seven-year-old gardener, who is bravely trying to support his aged wife on 15s. a week

He had to stop work through chronic rheumatism and sciatica, and as his wife is not yet old enough to receive a pension all they have is 10s. a week old age pension for Mr. Pugh and 5s. a week pension granted when their eldest son was killed in the last war.

Help Old Soldiers!

Until Mrs. Pugh receives her old age pension three years hence these pathetic old people will have to exist on the verge of starvation—unless they can receive help.

The clergyman of their parish speaks highly of them as "sober, industrious, hard-working people."

Will you help them?

Donations earmarked "Gardener," or for our General Fund, should be addressed to JOHN BULL, War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge £2 from "Lutonian"; 2s. 6d. from "Bim"; £1 from "Tin Hat"; and 10s. from Anon. (Wirral).

War Measures—and You

Raid Risks

By a Barrister M.P.

BECAUSE ordinary insurance policies do not cover war risks, many readers are eager to know how they stand under war time legislation if houses and furniture are damaged.

The Government has not yet assumed legal liability to pay compensation for such loss.

As far as household effects are concerned, it has decided to allow the loss to lie where it falls. When hire-purchased goods are destroyed, the hirer will lose instalments he has paid, the owner those still due.

The Landlord and Tenant (War Damage) Act, 1939, makes the following changes in the law about houses.

A landlord is relieved of any obligation to do repairs *if* damage is due to war action. This relief is granted even though the agreement or lease was made before the war started.

A tenant, who has undertaken to do his own repairs, is also relieved from his undertaking, but he must inform his landlord immediately when such damage occurs and allow the landlord access to view the damage and execute repairs.

When the damage sustained is extensive, the tenant may serve a notice informing his landlord that he desires either to give up the tenancy or to continue.

If he decides to leave, the landlord may serve notice requesting him to continue, meaning that the landlord is willing to make the premises habitable as soon as practicable to keep the lease alive. The tenant need not pay rent until the house is repaired.

Where a tenant fails to let his landlord know which course he means to take, the landlord has the right to call on him to choose. If he still refuses to say, the landlord can assume that he means to go on with the tenancy.

Where a tenant decides to carry on, he may have to make good the damage at his own expense, but in this eventuality he will be freed from his obligation to pay rent while the damage is being made good.

"John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance—Page 4

MOTHER and SON . . .

Fine human sentiments, rarely expressed in normal times, have been revealed in letters passing between mothers and sons in the Services. Realising that there is a wealth of human interest in these war-time documents, JOHN BULL offers half-a-guinea for each of the extracts published.

Dear Mum,

From France.

I WOULD like you to meet "madam." She's old enough to be my grandmother, by the way, so don't think there's romance afoot.

She gives us steak, chips, tomatoes and onions done in English fashion, but done so much better, at the bare cost, and, putting the wireless on for us, sees that we hear the English stations.

But poor madam has no bathroom to oblige us with—not even a bath

When we fill two pails with water, put one foot in each, and stand in the open having a good swill down. I think she thinks that we are a very nice race that has gone slightly "bats."

From a Battleship.

NO, mum, the word that censor cut out of my last letter was not "gin-and-lime," it was the name of a well-known nerve tonic, as you'll probably see if you hold the letter up to the light again.

Perhaps he thought I was suggesting that our nerves were frayed, which they're not. Perhaps he thought it was a code.

It was very nice of the curate to come round and get you to pray for Harry and me, but I can see from your letter that it only made you more worried.

Tell him that God wants you to worry a little less, not more.

But tell him nicely.

He's a good guy and only does a thing because he thinks it is for the best.

From a brand-new training camp.

I'M in the army! What a life! It was terrifying the first day, but now I'm almost enjoying myself.

Quarters are comfortable, bed comfortable, and I slept well the first night. We haven't done much in the way of drill yet, in fact we haven't even received our uniforms.

Bathrooms are excellent, with baths and showers. We raved about the showers until we discovered that the water hadn't yet been laid on.

What a time to rise in the morning—6 a.m. B-r-r-r-r. Oh, mother, hurry up and bring me that early cup of tea.

Anyhow, it would be a darned good life, mum, if somebody would only gag one particular sergeant who seems to think that everybody not a professional soldier is something lower than a dog. Judging by his voice he must have been a "thrower-out" in civilian life.

My dear boy,

From a dockyard town.

AS soon as I received your telegram I rushed out, jumped into a taxicab and made for the docks. But you had sailed.

Your ship was actually in sight, but you might have been thousands of miles away. I was terribly upset to think of you going away like that without as much as a kiss.

May you come back to me just as suddenly. That will be a wonderful day for us all.

From Nottingham.

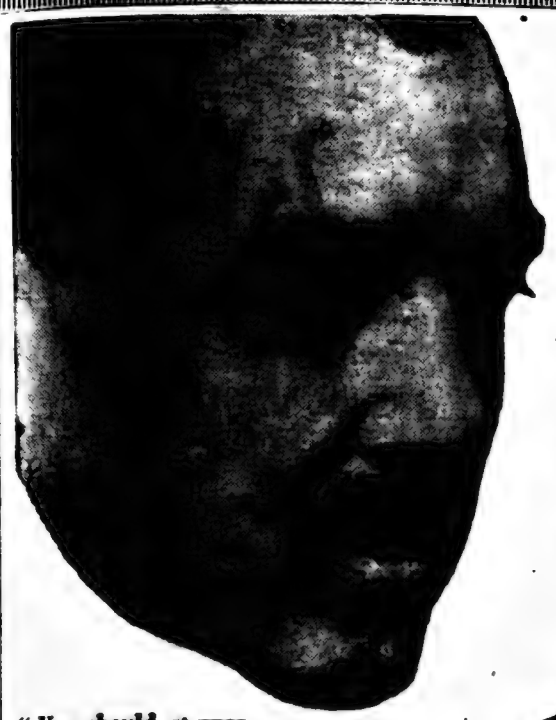
DAD joins me in sending you his love.

He says he wouldn't mind being at your side, seeing some of the old ground he fought over 25 years ago.

He has been upset because a girl he nudged accidentally as he was getting on a bus turned round and snarled at him something about "Why aren't YOU in the Army like some of your betters?"

You can't very well explain about artificial legs to people who are crowding on a bus. He just had to let it go.

If silly women start those tactics again, and I am able to get *my* hands on them, a few of *them* will need artificial legs.



"You should at once proceed with the long overdue plans for nationalisation of railways"

Defy the Rail Shylocks!

Capt. EUAN WALLACE, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—The public must not be held to ransom by railway Shylocks. Unless they accept your final offer of compensation for war time State Control, you should at once proceed with the long overdue plans for nationalisation.

People are in no mood to sanction the enrichment of railway companies. We all remember their record of obstruction to progress and grudging acceptance of economic facts.

They demanded compensation of nearly £200,000,000 in the last war. They settled for £60,000,000 in the end, and were lucky to get that.

They did nothing to improve services until the competition of road transport chased complacent smirks from board meetings.

Then they bought most of the motor coach companies and tried to intimidate the rest.

When they still suffered from their own inefficiency, they began to welcome the idea of nationalisation—at their own inordinate price.

Now they are again levelling demands that even the Government considers unreasonable.

This nonsense must be ended.

I regret you and your fellow Ministers still hesitate to bring the country's transport network under permanent State control.

It will come one day, whether you wish it or not.

Meanwhile, I look to you with confidence to beat the miniature army of rail directors at their own game.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Air Vice-Marshal C. PORTAL,
Chief of Personnel, Air Ministry

DEAR MARSHAL,—I feel it my duty to report that in the early morning of November 15, when two of my readers were examining property under the arches of Leeds City Station, they found a car without lights.

Inside were an Air Force cap, a kitbag, eight confidential R.A.F. maps of Scapa Flow, the Firth of Forth, the Shetlands, North-East England and the Midlands, and other secret information.

No doubt you will take appropriate action.

I can furnish you with the car's number and other details.—JOHN BULL.

The COMMITTEE,
Ministry of Pensions Hospital, Chepstow

GENTLEMEN,—Surely it is unnecessary to cancel patients' overnight leave at Christmas, seeing that your hospital is in a safe and remote area?

Imagine the feelings of men who have been suffering there for twenty years and have looked forward to a trip home to see wife and children.

Realise the bleakness of their shattered lives, and cease to make them victims of a war of nerves.—JOHN BULL.

Police Constable BISHOP-LAGGETT,
Vine Street, London

DEAR CONSTABLE,—It's good to hear of a war time hero whose name may be published without shocking hush-hush officialdom.

Were we still at peace, newspapers would have made much of your gallantry when, seeing by torchlight an I.R.A. bomb in the black-out, you grabbed it and dashed across the road to hurl it into Hyde Park.

Even in these preoccupied times, your act should receive official recognition.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LESLIE BURGIN, M.P.,
Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—The task of producing war materials is certainly making progress. But hundreds of small engineering firms, including toolmakers, are still without Government orders.

If only to provide work for thousands, their experience and plant should be utilised without delay.—JOHN BULL.

Sir LAURENCE BROCK,
Chairman, Board of Control

DEAR SIR LAURENCE,—Make your officials release their merciless grip on Albert Passway. Nine years ago, at the age of sixteen, he took some broken glass, which he thought had been abandoned, was charged and classed as mentally deficient.

After two years in an institution, he was employed by a Maldon councillor for five years and gave every satisfaction. Then he joined the Territorials, but was discharged a month ago for car trouble.

Had that not happened, the Board of Control would have insisted on the War Office letting him go. He will never be free from official interference unless he can afford to consult Harley Street doctors and get a clean bill.

Monstrously unfair!—JOHN BULL.

Col. H. L. NATHAN, M.P.,
National Defence Public Interest Committee

DEAR COLONEL,—Congratulations on your decision to have "tell-the-public" war time luncheons.

I remember the pioneer work of your committee in focussing attention on A.R.P. and Service recruiting when most people, believing that war would never come, were apathetic.

Now, when we are engaged in a war of patient waiting, the need to sustain public interest is still as great.

I hope Cabinet Ministers and Opposition leaders will take advantage of your luncheons to keep high the nation's spirits.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
L.C.C. Entertainments Committee

GENTLEMEN,—Confound your censorship, forbidding ordinary London audiences to see the "Birth of a Baby" film!

Made by an American committee to overcome the ignorance that causes so many mothers to die in childbirth, it has been described by high United States officials as a wonderful record that should be seen even by adolescents.

I am appalled that it should be banned to millions of decent parents-to-be for fear, apparently, that it might arouse the sniggers of a few louts.—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-General W. P. MACARTHUR,
Director-General, Army Medical Services

DEAR GENERAL,—I warn you of alarming complaints against your medical boards. A minister makes so serious a complaint regarding the acceptance of a sick man that I have advised him to write to you direct.

Another reader tells me that his brother, who has only one eye, has been in France for a month.

Make sure that the scandals of the last war's medical examinations are not repeated this time!—JOHN BULL.

Lady STAMP,
Bromley, Kent

DEAR MADAM,—During the hearing of the Borders case, it is reported, you sat knitting at the probation officer's desk in court.

Knitting!

I fear for its effects on those J.P.s whose faces crimson with indignation when some humble woman appears hatless, rustles a paper, or otherwise offends court convention.

Let us hope no one tries to outvie you by playing patience at the solicitors' table.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

SIR,—Despite your vigorous clean-up of A.R.P. abuses, there are still a few towns where suspicion of favouritism is rife.

Sectional officers in the auxiliary fire brigade of an important Yorkshire town have just had their wages raised to £5 a week.

One of them owns two of the best businesses in the town and supplies cigarettes to the service canteen.

Another owns a large building firm.

A third manages a clothing shop.

The fourth is in charge of a good electrical shop.

Throw out these two-job opportunists!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—"We know what it means to be parted from our children," said the Queen in her Armistice Day broadcast. But do magistrates know?

Downham Market Bench has sent a young girl away for three years for a petty theft. It was her first offence. A Liverpool boy of fourteen, crippled by infantile paralysis, but with an excellent testimonial from his employer, has been in a remand home since July, with his leg irons broken.

Must justice be heartless as well as blind?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR,—Maybe the stress of high office has made you deaf.

You don't seem to have heard that retired nurses of long experience, who joined the Civil Nursing Reserve and arranged to leave home when war came, are still workless, although untrained auxiliary nurses have been engaged for hospital duties.

Has no one told you that newly qualified doctors are being given more responsible jobs in the Emergency Medical Service than many specialists?—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

HULL PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE: More insult than help to give your out-relief recipients an extra twopence or threepence a week to "compensate" for higher living costs!—JOHN BULL.

MINISTRY OF PENSIONS: When Sgt. Pilot Brun crashed to death he heroically missed children as he landed. His mother cannot get war work because of the 7s. 6d. a week pension that she has been granted. She has no other income. Do you never feel shame?—JOHN BULL.

MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.: Now you've abandoned coal rationing, why keep on 1,200 regional fuel overseers as well as headquarters staff?—JOHN BULL.

POSTAL CENSORS: Returning letter addressed to Belgium because it contained English postal stamps, which are reckoned as "pictures" and therefore banned, you make me smile—but wryly.—JOHN BULL.

GRIN and BEAR IT!

By

OLIVER PLUSH

Through Other Eyes . . .

Baffled by the U-boat campaign, the British Navy enlists an Indian snake charme.—"Il 420," *Italy.*

WHAT my old friend Thingummy calls it is "a fight to a start."

* * *

Fancy blaming Winston for that Munich affair. As if he'd have missed.

* * *

Have heard that the Germans, being without any butter at all, now owe their Government two ounces per head per week, owing to a new reduction in the ration.

Doubt very much if this is true. . . .

Meet the Wife—

You know how the wife butts in.

The Radio: "It is reported from the East Coast that three enemy aircraft . . ."

The Wife: "I said I heard gunfire!"

You: Ssssh!"

The Radio: "about twelve o'clock. Hitler, says a message from Hamburg . ."

The Wife: "Did he say if they'd brought any down?"

You: "Sssssssssh!"

The Radio: ". . . unconfirmed. Mr. Cordell Hull to-day . . ."

The Wife: "What was that bit about Hitler?"

You: "Cor' lumme!"

I mean, no wonder you can't find out what the war's about.

The Eyes Have It

In an article on "War-time Gastronomy," the "Hamburger Familienblatt" tells readers that food should be made to look attractive "even if the portions are small." "The main part of eating," it declares, "is looking at a nicely and daintily prepared dish."

Come, sound the gong for dinner!
Ach! bang it merrily!
For viands rich from out our hoard
We've placed upon the groaning board
For all our friends to see!

There's half an ersatz Frankfurt
Which, though it's smelling high,
Is nice to look at; and that bit
Of coloured bread, you must admit,
Is pleasing to the eye.

Our favourite pat of butter,
Bequeathed us by a friend—
It is so beautiful to see
That at it in the twilight we
Can stare for hours on end!

So tuck your napkins in, mein friends,
And set to with a will!
Upon these good things feast your eyes,
Then thankfully from the table rise
When you have gazed your fill!

Medalsome Mothers

German mothers who have had four or more children are being given special medals "with the compliments of the Fuehrer."

The same old story—"Mother doing well," but not a word about poor old father!

He might at least be given a few birth "marks" (enough, say, to buy a ration of near-beer) for his share in the noble work.

Sez 'Enery

"I see as 'ow you can't buy a pair of underpants or a dicky in Germany nahdays wivout a coupon," remarked 'Enery.

"That's right; they're only allowed 100 coupons a year and it takes 120 to dress a man, without overcoat or pyjamas."

"H'm; looks like as if there's goin' to be a few noodists knockin' rahnd."

"Looks like it."

"Reckon as Fatty Goering ud look fair 'orrible in th' altogether S'pose 'e'll 'ave to 'ang a few more medals on 'imself to cover th' bare places of 'is lebenstrum."

"You mean lebensraum."

"Orright, 'ave it yer own way! But it wos lebenstrum w'en I wos at Hoxford an' Cambridge! I see, too, as 'ow patches on th' seat of pants are becomin' real fashionable."

"I bet they are!"

"If I wos 'Itler I'd put a bomb-proof patch on mine in case some of me loyle subjeks caught me bendin'."

"Same here!"

"Aw well," said 'Enery, blowing the froth from his throat mixture, "'ere's to 'im gettin' it in 'is seat of war!"

"Here's to it!"

"An' I only 'ope as 'ow lil Goebbels is 'idin' in 'is Foohrer's trahser pocket w'en it 'appens!"

Bed and Bored

In a just published will the testator impresses upon his heir that "Only by early rising can success in any sphere of life be obtained." Maybe, but is the game worth the candle?

If you wake, don't call me early, don't disturb me, mother dear,
For I don't want to be a Big Success in any sphere!
And nothin' will e'er induce me to rise at the peep o' day,
Like that silly young Queen of the May, mother, that nuisance the Queen of the May!

On the subject of early rising much nonsense for years I've heard;
Though the early bird catches the worm, mother, the early worm's caught by the bird!
If it's nice to get up in the morning and climb to the top of the tree,
It is nicer to stay in bed, mother, and that's where I want to be!

The ordinary German is beginning to see at last.
"Marianne," *Paris.*

The eyes of death.
"Philadelphia Record."

So please do not call me early, for I'll merely remark "Orright!"
And pull all the bedclothes round me and snuggle down out of sight!
But still I may be a Success, mother—so don't on your Oliver frown—
By becoming a heavyweight boxer with a talent for lying down!

Forward Les Girls

Nazi newspapers are losing readers. In an effort to win them back, Dr. Goebbels advises the publication of "healthy erotic" pictures.

They might start with a few photographs of bathing belles preparing to take a dip in the Siegfried Line.

Chin Music

The German people, nourished on hopes of a "blitzkrieg," are growing restless as, week after week, instead of the promised annihilation of Britain, they are fobbed off with speeches.

It is becoming more and more doubtful whether it will be possible to maintain their morale for the duration of the jaw.

* * *

As Jones said, being fed up with the tax, the units, the pool petrol, the blackout and the shocking state of the second-hand market: "Say, old boy, what will you buy my car from me for?"

By
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER

THE CRITIC.

"John Bull's" Military Expert, returning from a Special Mission to the Western Front, describes how Science helps the Gunners

War to the Millionth of an Inch

EARS on the Western Front. This predictor, manned by experts, helps gunners find targets they can't even see

IN a squadron mess "up the line," a young flying officer, opening a leather case, showed me a miracle gadget of war. A camera lens the size of a large button, it was mounted in steel.

Fitted in the camera carried by a reconnaissance aircraft, this magic eye can probe most of the secrets of the Siegfried Line.

This lens, latest product of a famous British optical manufacturer, has astounding qualities. From a height of 20,000 ft. it will photograph 50 square miles of territory on a 7 in. by 7 in. plate with perfect definition.

There is no distortion except at the very edge of the picture. Even there no point is more than 1,000th of an inch out of true position.

Scores of valuable pilots have been saved from destruction by this lens. The big plate area covered means flying time is tremendously reduced.

There is no need for a pilot to beat backwards and forwards over the same few square miles of territory to build up his picture, and give enemy anti-aircraft batteries a chance to "get on" to him. A few days after my return from France, I saw this lens being made during a Ministry of Supply tour of munitions works.

The lens is composed of five separate lenses made of different glass, some thinner than rice-paper.

Curves are calculated to a millionth of an inch.

No extremes of temperature, from tropical heat to 40 deg. below zero, often experienced at 25,000 ft., can alter their shape and destroy the definition of a picture.

The lens costs £300.

But I must explain why it is necessary to put a huge amount of territory on a plate 7 in. square.

In the Operations section of the R.A.F. Headquarters are ranged batteries of epidiascopes, ingenious instruments similar to super magic-lanterns.

A pilot brings back his photographic plate. It is developed and a print is dropped into the back of the epidiascope. By an arrangement of mirrors and a special lens, an enormously magnified image of the picture is thrown on to a screen.

Intelligence officers scrutinise this image inch by inch. They mark one sector, which seems particularly interesting, and that portion of the original print is enlarged and put through the E.P. lantern again. The process is repeated until a complete picture is created.

The scientist has invaded the gun-pit. Gone are the days when the battery-commander had to rely on telephone messages from a Forward Observation Officer, on aircraft spotting, or a distant range mark, such as a church tower.

I saw one famous London battery in France use a gadget called a K.T. Its full name is a kinetheodolite. It films a passing aeroplane. Coupled with it is another instrument. In it you see two images of the aeroplane. Turn a dial until the two images come together, and instantly you have the height and range of the aircraft.

Then there is a telescope gun-sight that *looks backward*. A gunner cannot always see the object at which he is aiming, and now he lays his gun on a target he cannot see by sighting on something he can see—a church spire, for instance, that may be some distance *behind* his gun. Mathematics takes care of the rest. And there are instruments to do this automatically.

Where observation has been made in forward areas, there are other amazing instruments to do the work infinitely more precisely and speedily than any human senses.

Take "spotting" an enemy gun position.

Gunners no longer watch for puffs of smoke from some high ground or wait for reports from reconnaissance aircraft. They use sound ranges.

These instruments, placed at different points, pick up the sound of the enemy's batteries. Electrical relays detect the time interval of the sounds at these points.

At a central control, another instrument collates this information, and in a few seconds works out calculations that would take a team of senior wranglers an hour to complete.

If a battery is situated at field range behind the enemy lines, its position can be located precisely in a few moments.

Five years ago the field of view of the best military binoculars was 36 deg. to the eye. Now a British firm has produced an "issue" glass with a field of view of 72 deg., a fourfold increase.

The simple effect of this is that an observation officer can have almost the whole horizon in his gaze.

By a millionth of an inch setting of lens surfaces, the light power of these glasses has been stepped up from about 40 to the amazing total of 75 per cent. This means that objects can be clearly seen at dusk that would be invisible with the best of previous glasses.

Of all robot aids the limit seems to have been reached with the predictor. Every anti-aircraft battery in France seems to be equipped with one of these arrangements of telescopes and scores of intricately enmeshed gear wheels.

Focussed on an approaching aircraft, it works out seven factors, such as height, speed, fuse-setting, and so forth, and gives the precise angle at which the gun is to be laid so that shell and aeroplane will arrive at the same place at the same time.

For Christmas!

JOHN BULL'S Christmas Gift to the children is "The Mammoth Wonder Book of Working Models," containing twelve large-size coloured models, all cut out ready for putting together.

With the steam engine, crane, spinning wheel, flying boat, merry-go-round, monoplane, biplane, seaplane, there is a power-house to drive the models. Power is clean and harmless. Also there are self-driven models of a car of the future, the "Queen Elizabeth," the "Coronation Scot" and Tower Bridge.

Turn to page 16 for further details.

THE MAN who STAYED at HOME

"Argue it out!" By PALLAS

IN life, John Kimber, village blacksmith of Aston Bampton, Oxfordshire, typified the "short and simple annals of the poor." He was born in a cottage, lived there all his life, and died there at the age of eighty-one.

In death, because of his uneventful life, the newspapers deemed him worthy of a four-line obituary notice headed simply, "His Life."

From the days of his youth to the last reckoning, John Kimber pursued his daily task unmoved by the strife and turmoil of the outer world.

He saw in his day the coming of the motor car, heard with wonderment the first crackling message of the radio, and stilled the clamour of his forge to gaze wide-eyed at an aeroplane eating up the blue of the skies he knew so well.

He lived in years which, more than any other, proclaimed the progress and the scientific march of man.

The "pictures" came. So did electric light, the telephone . . . and several wars.

John Kimber lived through the birth of all these wonders—and stayed on in his village.

Success was not his. He did not have big cars, big houses, big ideas—and big worries.

Ambition was not his. He did not seek the gold of city streets, the bright lights, the power which comes of fame.

He read little, maybe, of the great books of the world. He sought not after the beauty of music, or wooed the Muse of divine philosophy.

Nor did he run after the 8.15 in the morning, or fight his way through the crowd for a bus. He had no need to watch the clock or eat his "bait" when a whistle blew. He didn't worry about the boss, or the fear of being sacked. He didn't grow pale and sickly in the fusty, airless streets of towns.

And so we can say that the world of power and of success and of fame passed him by—a man who had little to give and still less to lose.

Yet he lived in the sense that all his life he was nearer than most men to the elemental things of Life.

He earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. His hammer rang out music from the anvil. His strong hands soothed the great, glistening farm-horses as he shod their heavy feet.

Out of hard, bitter iron he fashioned the things which are the very breath of Life—the plough and the harrow and the rake. Those are things which mean more to mankind than all the lights and the money of big cities.

HE knew the beauty of effort. He knew, too, the beauty of trees and flowers, of sunrise and sunset, of wind and rain.

He probably found in the simple eternal round of Nature a wisdom which comes to few dwellers in the town. For in the simplicity of the countryside's life and death there is the deepness of Truth.

Life must have brought to John Kimber richness in many ways without demanding from him too much in the way of sacrifice. And there are few men who, having scaled the peaks, can say with truth that they have paid nothing as they climbed.

Success—that success whose gods are Possessions and Power—takes its toll of all who win it.

Some men sacrifice love and happiness for it, others sacrifice honour. Still others cast away their youth, and in later years, from the lonely heights of power, seek in vain to recapture it.

And nearly all wonder vaguely what they have lost when that happiness which neither money nor power can bring is out of their reach.

NO man or woman can have happiness if life resolves itself into a struggle for more and more of the "good things" which most of us prize so dearly.

I'm not suggesting that the struggle has not its virtues. It has. It keeps the mind alert, the senses keen. It is a spur which goads constantly, demanding ever the best we can produce.

Nor do I contend that all men who live all their years in villages and who, for all I know, never care a rap for the song of a bird or the wonder of a sunset, are happy and wise. Some are of the earth earthy; their minds moving slowly in terms of beef and beer and sleep and work.

And many a city dweller finds beauty in a patch of garden and the glisten of pools of light on wet roads.

In mine and factory, in shipyard and steelworks, there are men who keep to the end a beauty and simplicity of mind.

Yet, somehow, I feel that old John Kimber, whose hammer will send no more sparks flying through the gloom of his smithy, lived a better, a bigger and a more useful life than many a man whose life in the worldly sense of the word has been a "success."

Imaginary Interview on the Black-out Bus

"I don't know why the 'Itler mob 'as lasted so long"

Every Dog has its Day . . .

'ARF a mo, Cocky; wot's all the 'urry? There's plenty of room on top, but, if there wasn't, you'd still 'ave to wait your turn on this 'bus. . . .

German, are you? P'raps that accounts for it, 'cos, from all I 'ear, them Nasties never wait their turn; they just shove through. They mean to make sure there's "room on top" for them!

Take this bloke 'Immler, the chief of the Gestapo. You know 'im personally, do you; kind of a friend of yours? . . . Jus' fancy that!

Still, there's no accounting for tastes, as the grocer said when a feller asked 'im for some rotten eggs.

I suppose 'Immler *'ad* to find somebody to bump off for planting the bomb that missed 'Itler. But can you tell me why 'e arrested this Georg Elser pronto after the explosion and kept it dark until more than a week later?

Oh, 'e 'ad to get a confession, did 'e? I wouldn't be surprised. I should think any poor bloke might do a spot of confessing after 'Immler and 'is boys 'ad been arsking 'im questions for six days.

But imagine the gall of them Nasties, slipping over the Dutch frontier and kidnapping two of our fellers just to fasten their precious bomb plot on to the British Secret Service!

It beats me 'ow ever 'Immler managed to get 'is job; let alone 'ow 'e keeps it! Why, if 'e'd even read "Nick Carter," like I did when I was a nipper, 'e'd 'ave 'ad more sense than to kidnap them two Captains the day after the explosion and then tell everybody they wos trying to get *into* Germany!

YOU see "noddings sdrange" in that? . . . No, *you* wouldn't, but, barring the fact that nobody in 'is right mind wants to get into Germany any'ow, these two poor chaps, if they did 'ave a 'and in the plot, would 'ave been wanting to get *out* and pretty dam' quick, too!

Seems to me that 'Immler and all the gang of the 'Itler boys think they can fool everybody outside Germany just as easily as they can fool their own people.

Look at these 'orrible mines they've been planting to sink any ship that 'its them. It's plain deviltry to start with, but first they said they didn't do it and then they boasted about it!

And *now*, when we've decided to put the stopper on German exports as well as imports, they call us blinking pirates and they warn neutral countries that they'll be breaking their neutrality if they refuse to carry German goods!

I arsk you, Cocky, can you beat that!

Wot's that you say: "From 'Immler's point of view 'e's only doing his duty; 'e's working for 'is country same as we are"?

DON'T you believe it, Mister! 'E's working for *'imself*, like every other gangster. 'E's one of the big boys that got a lot of money out of Germany before the war started.

They've none of them got no love for Germany or they couldn't treat their own people the way they do. They aren't rulers, they're taskmasters, and sooner or later the poor slaves will get tired of letting 'em crack their whips.

I don't know why the 'Itler mob 'as lasted so long. But, there, I suppose every dog 'as 'is day—even a dirty dog.

Is there no Aid?

WAR has doomed nearly 3,000 destitute widows of clergymen to indefinite penury. This tragic, little-heard-of community of poor women believed that a £500,000 fund, ensuring them at least 10s. a week pension, was to be established, but the Church of England Pensions Board has had to suspend its public appeal until peace returns.

The misery of these women is among the ugliest scandals of Christianity. Stipends paid to their husbands were so meagre that it was impossible to put aside any money for old age.

In widowhood they are destitute.

A few are fortunate enough to find employment, but most of them are unfit for work by the time they are left to face the world alone. Apart from age, tiring duties to which they have given themselves in their husbands' parishes have exacted a heavy physical toll.

Let the plight of Mrs. Maude Caithness, of 170, Goldhurst Terrace, Finchley Road, London, speak for the all too general "reward."

When her husband, the Reverend James Francis Caithness, ordained in 1881, died in 1936, his small pension of about £100 ceased. He was lucky to have a pension. Many aged clergymen don't.

His widow, then 77, had to manage as best she could. When all efforts to have the pension continued failed, she started a boarding-house and managed to make just enough.

Now her eyesight is failing at the age of 80, and she finds it nearly impossible to do any work.

Can you wonder at her despair?

Not even war should be allowed to halt the long overdue effort to give these clergymen's widows the bare necessities of life, particularly when they are old.

Here are the Answers

What method is the Admiralty likely to adopt to lessen the danger to coastwise shipping from magnetic mines, "sown" by Nazi aircraft?

Although naval experts are obviously not going to reveal their plans for making magnetic mines inoperative, a pointer to what might be done was given in the announcement that these mines work only in shallow water.

Magnetic pin firing the mine can be withdrawn only when a steel vessel passes not more than twenty feet above. The magnetic field of a merchant vessel passing through the water is limited, but mines intended to cripple warships can, of course, be dropped in deeper water.

Small merchant ships will probably keep to deep water, while wooden ships, such as luggers used by fishermen, could tow steel floats capable of firing mines lying in shallow water.

Magnetic mines can be "sown" only by aircraft—U-boats would be spotted on the surface—so wooden minesweepers can concentrate on stretches of water visited by Nazi 'planes.

British minesweepers hunt the North Sea menace

Why, if the Government want savings money, should Sir John Simon impose a limit of £1,000 on the amount of War Savings Bonds which may be held by any one individual?

Because all certificates and bonds carry special tax-relief privileges. A man with, say, £100,000 to invest would make a good thing out of the tax relief and benefit unfairly over his less-rich fellows. Besides, it is not intended to drain industry of all investors' money.

Why should the "little man's savings" be so important in this war?

To date, and without including the results of Sir John Simon's recent appeal to buy Savings Certificates, the amount held in the old War Savings Certificates totals more than £1,500 millions.

This money is "ready cash," which the Government can borrow to finance arms purchases from countries abroad.

It benefits the "little man" to allow his savings to be borrowed for this purpose. For without these huge thrift funds the Government would have to borrow in the general money market.

Then rates of interest would rise, and so would the price of food, clothing, fuel and other commodities.

It is reported that, to avoid Roosevelt's order against U.S. vessels entering belligerent waters, American shipowners are changing over to the Panama flag. If this is permitted, can Germany change over the "Bremen"—and 2,000,000 tons of idle shipping in neutral ports—to another flag?

No. Prize Law clearly lays down that no belligerent vessel may change its flag during hostilities.

Even if Germany sold its tonnage to another country, the change would not be recognised and the vessels are liable to capture.

Why is the Government starting another milk selling campaign?

Because of the report, just issued, of the biggest full-scale test of milk food values ever undertaken in any country.

For twelve months, and at a cost of over £10,000, the Nutrition Committee have been experimenting on 8,000 schoolchildren selected in such representative areas as Luton, Wolverhampton, Burton-on-Trent, Huddersfield and Renfrewshire.

Result of the tests are startling. All the children who received the ration showed an enormous improvement in physique over those who did not. And not only in health but in intelligence.

It has been said that mechanised forces won the Polish campaign for Germany. How well equipped in this branch of warfare is the B.E.F.?

Four years ago, we had only two armoured vehicle brigades. That year (1935) the first big tank manœuvres—a "battle" in which 50,000 men took part—showed the vast advantages which mechanisation gave.

By the middle of this year, the Royal Armoured Corps consisted of no fewer than eighteen mechanised cavalry regiments, eight battalions of the Royal Tank Regiment, four light tank companies, plus seven tank battalions and four armoured car companies of the Territorial.

In addition, all machine and field gun strength went on to propelled vehicles.

Present mechanised strength is secret. But the proportion to strength of ordinary units is not less than that of the German Army, and probably much greater.

Why the demand of some M.P.s for secret sessions of Parliament?

They feel that they are in a position of responsibility for what happens, yet (1) have no knowledge of what is going to happen, and (2) have no power to affect the course of events.

As the information they want is wanted by the enemy also, they don't expect to be given it in public.

Special doors have already been fitted to the Chamber in anticipation of secret sessions, for there were many of them in the last war.

M.P.s who favour the idea argue that it is democratic, unlike most secrecy. They are the respresentatives of the masses, they say.

Opponents point to danger of leakages, argue that many members talked too much in the last war.

John Bull's padre—the Rev. Pat McCormick, vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London

GOD Talks to US

by the Rev. Pat McCormick

The radio pastor famed for his fireside talks

EXPLAINING how God works through our consciences needs an article all to itself, not only because it is important, but also because people have such hazy ideas about it.

Sometimes I hear the most extraordinary stories of the way people have treated other people or have been cruel to animals.

When sentence in court is given, the magistrate usually says, "You can have no 'conscience' at all to be able to do such a thing."

Let me be quite fair.

You may come across a religious person full of uncharitableness towards somebody else because he does not worship God in precisely the same way. I wonder whether, if I wanted real comradeship, I should always find it in a religious organisation?

I hope I should, but my way of looking at some things might not seem the right way to the other person.

A man may have a conscience about theatres and dancing and smoking, and about all sorts of things. You may swindle a railway company if you can get away with it, but you must not swindle your pal.

If the compass guiding the steering of a ship is faulty the ship may go on to the rocks.

A man may follow his conscience, but, if it is faulty, he may run his business on crooked lines. He may go off with the money of a slate club and say, "I didn't see any harm in doing this."

Another man may say, "A Christian cannot conscientiously fight."

I don't agree with that myself. My own conscience tells me differently, but each of us has to develop his conscience all through his life. You cannot be a true man and have the conscience of a woodlouse.

So we have to feed our conscience in the best way known to each of us, and, if we don't do that, we shall make a mess of things. Unless I can be shown a better way I maintain I must try to keep growing my conscience into the likeness of Christ.

A MAN can outgrow his conscience just as much as he can outgrow his shirt, and no one can grow a conscience for him. Everybody has to do it for himself.

Grown-up men with cheque-books and grown-up women with families to look after may possess consciences that have never grown up. They have never troubled about them. Yet the compass of their lives must be repaired or they will drift on to the rocks.

That we can all go far wrong, yet obey our consciences is a thought that we must face as we set ourselves to build another world when peace comes.

Many will do things quite "conscientiously" that would shock not only parsons but also ordinary decent living men and women.

They haven't used their consciences. They haven't allowed them to grow. If you don't use a thing like conscience, it will die.

To develop the conscience you must think, and think hard.

The hall-mark of a developing mind is to be continually asking, "Would God like me to do this?"

Don't you find it is very difficult to answer that question at times?

I do.

Sometimes it is so difficult I find I want to ask someone's advice, but I know, too, that if I sincerely do try the answer will come.

WHEN Jesus says, "Seek, and ye shall find," it is not an empty phrase

Thousands have found that it is true. But it requires hard thought as well as prayer for guidance.

If we don't think things out we never make them our own. We can't have second-hand religion. It's no good to anyone.

If we have not made things our own by thinking them out, our Faith breaks down just when we most need it.

The thing to remember is that God does speak to us through our consciences. He makes us feel ashamed when we've done wrong. He inspires us to do the fine, noble thing in spite of opposition and difficulty. He helps us to choose the right thing.

When Jesus said we had to become as little children, He didn't mean we should be childish. He meant we should be dependent on the Heavenly Father and be continually ready to learn from Him.

This is how God is able to speak through conscience.

Hundreds Lost on the Turn of a Card

Police Watch Bets Craze

THERE is a drug to which people turn from war time troubles just as victims of peace time worry turn to aspirin.

That drug is Big Gambling.

During the Napoleonic Wars it ruined one-third of the peerage. Some famous families have never recovered.

Many "noble families" were dragged down to penury by it in the last war.

In all wars it has been the same. This war is, apparently, to be no exception.

Already "baize chasers" are out in London's West End finding houses that can be used as gambling dens for one night only.

As it is an offence only to use premises *habitually* for gaming purposes, sly promoters—and few of them lack cunning—keep their "Little Hells" on tour.

In sporting clubs, where horse races can be followed as they are being run, you may see gambling on a scale that would stagger you.

They are not to be classed with fly-by-night gaming houses. Men deserve a certain amount of licence in their own clubs.

IN a sporting club in London, the other afternoon, four men sitting at a card-table watched the slow retreat of a fifth.

"Packing up?" they called after him. In the process of increasing his stakes to recover an initial loss of £10 he had lost £250.

He smiled, turned back, bet £500 on the turn of a single playing card. This time he won.

Every afternoon there are bets of this magnitude in these sporting clubs.

Sometimes a thousand pounds is staked on the turn of a card.

It may not seem a lot to people who read about spectacular gambling in famous casinos, and wrongly imagine that fortunes hang on every spin of the wheel.

It can't be compared with the bets of £50,000 and £100,000 in which Regency "bucks" indulged during their own wars.

But such bets are phenomenal in this highly taxed generation, certainly for ordinary "fill-in-an-afternoon" club play.

Don't think players are dissipating newly made war fortunes as easily as they acquire them.

Most of them have been financially hit by war. There are professional men with practices attenuated. Bookmakers who would accept only pounds a few weeks ago will now let you bet in bobs.

Many are men who, commercially interested in big sport, have been financially savaged by the ban on big attendances.

Wage-packet people with all too little to lose are also among the addicts.

Gambling addicts have caused the Home Secretary to issue a private manifesto to Chief Constables asking for uniformity of action against gambling machines.

There are police drives in eleven British cities against saloons in which married women are encouraged to stake housekeeping money in an effort to win groceries, usually a very expensive way of housekeeping.

YOU'LL find professional city men on afternoon trains, travelling from London to their homes in near-by seaside resorts, cards spread on a table, and no money about to suggest they are doing anything but kill time.

They've always done it. But more do it now.

And now they settle in pounds instead of shillings.

There are curious off-shoots of the addiction. Bookmakers find people ready to bet on anything.

Turf Accountant Dan Flynn paid out £2,400 to London men who gambled that there would be war, and is never surprised now by strange requests from clients.

They are betting on Hitler being dead by Christmas, the war ending on one date or another—strange how many want to say it will end before a particular Christmas—on no bombs or a specified number of bombs dropping on London, and even on the amount of damage to public property.

Other bets placed in London include:—

Hitler's secret weapon (one bet says it is the Colorado beetle, to ruin our potato crops).

Goering will get his hundredth medal.

The Navy will sink fifty submarines in the first year.

SOCIOLOGISTS see little harm in private gambling, provided a man isn't running his family short. But they fear the evil side of war time gambling, the gaming house on circuit, or its even more sinister cousin, the crooked gambling club.

No need to describe all the tricks. Sufficient to say that the one man who stands out when a game is suggested, and eventually agrees unwillingly to join in, is the man to watch for the fifth ace, the marked card, the carefully disguised signal, or the side pocket containing the loaded dice.

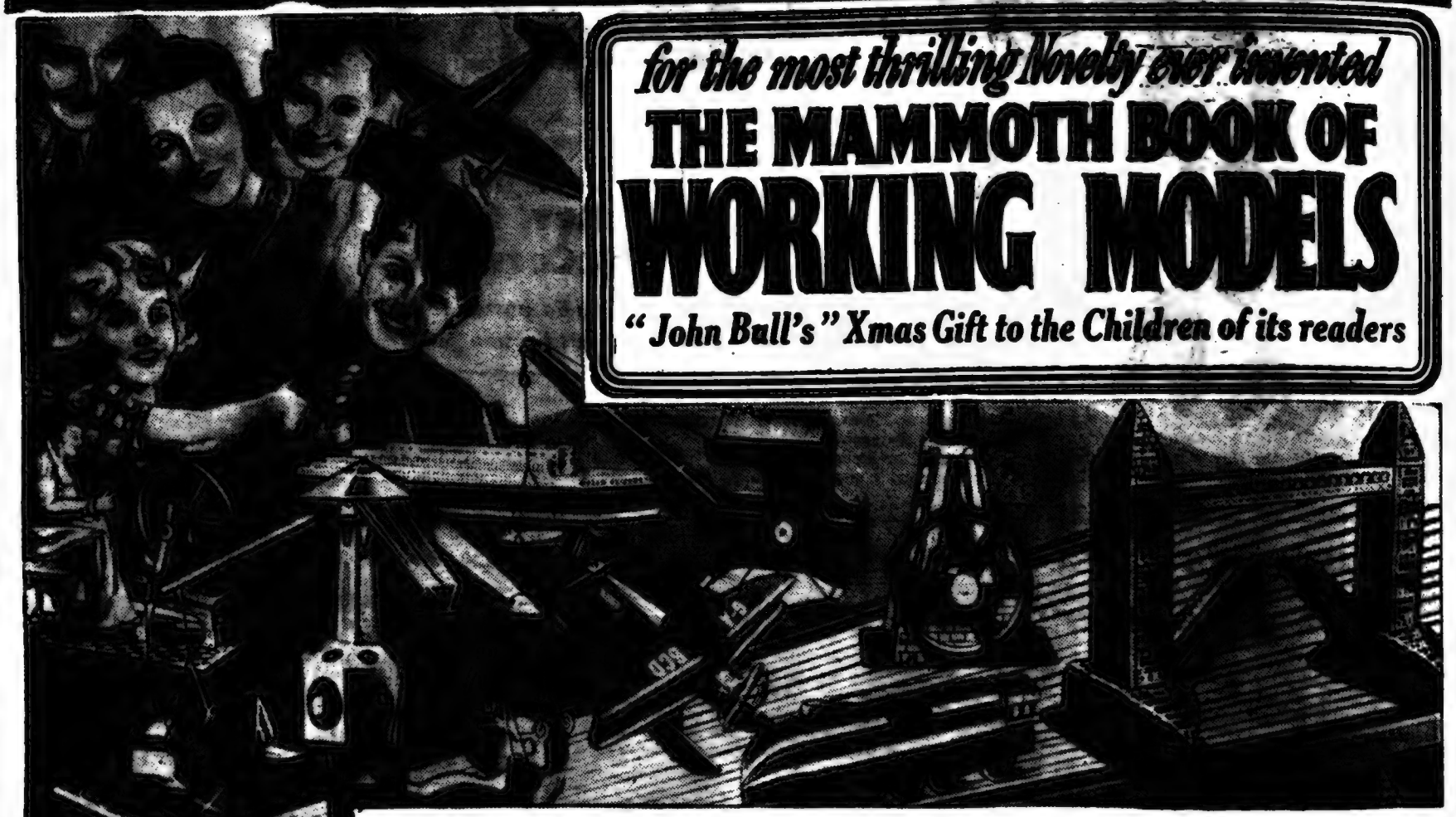
As a war time precaution, Scotland Yard has brought out of retirement officers who remember tricks tried in these clubs in the last war.

Guided by Sub-Divisional Inspector W. Relph, they know more about what is going on than their "hauls" suggest.

But they are handicapped by an absurd law, which says that a magistrate cannot give them a search warrant to enter a club unless they are pretty certain of a conviction.

How can they be certain when rooms are so designed that they contain gaming tables one minute and not the next, when the approach of strangers can be signalled from a distant control?

HURRY! DON'T BE TOO LATE!



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BIG SCANDAL OF FAKE BANKRUPTS

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

BECAUSE OF FLAGRANT LOOPHOLES IN THE BANKRUPTCY LAW, TRADERS HAVE LOST £50,000,000 IN THE LAST FEW YEARS.

TROUBLE in a gown store in Oxford Street, London, reveals a glaring example of what is happening.

The managing director of a wholesale company rushed into the store shouting, "You thieves! . . . You rogues! . . . What have you done with my money?" He is alleged to have assaulted Alec Finegold.

Cross-summonses in the police-court led to both men being bound over.

With the title of Della Gowns, the shop was supposed to be owned by the twenty-three-old daughter of Alec Finegold, and the man who rushed in so excitedly was owed a considerable sum of money for goods supplied.

With liabilities of about £5,000, the business is now in liquidation. The scandal is that the concern was really controlled by Finegold and his wife, both of whom are undischarged bankrupts. The husband has been operating "dud" companies since 1926.

By using their daughter, they were able to snap their fingers at the Bankruptcy Act.

Finegold has not only been behind dress and textile companies that have evaded paying for goods worth thousands of pounds, but also he and his wife have personal liabilities amounting to nearly £10,000.

Finegold traded in the gowns business as Charles Finegold, Ltd. The concern went into compulsory liquidation.

Then Odell Gowns, Ltd., went bankrupt with liabilities of £3,000 and assets of £32. Its capital was only £2!

In another venture, which ended in liquidation, Mrs. Finegold was made the subject of *misfeasance* proceedings before Mr. Justice Romer over money said to have been improperly dealt with.

Another Finegold enterprise, Femina Frocks, Ltd., went bankrupt, too.

The landlord stepped in and seized all its stock "to protect trade creditors."

This is only one instance of the disgraceful abuse of the Bankruptcy Act by which large and small manufacturers and wholesalers throughout the country are plundered of millions of pounds.

When two of the most unscrupulous loophole wrigglers were put on trial at the Old Bailey, a trade paper commented acidly on the leniency of the sentences. The men, Solomon Sonnenschein and Maurice Prootofsky, undischarged bankrupts, had obtained goods on credit.

"If such comparative light sentences are imposed on traders convicted of a disgraceful conspiracy," said the paper, "one may be pardoned for wondering what sort of case has to be made out to secure a lengthy term of imprisonment that will act as a deterrent to others."

Victimised business men not only want sharper punishment of swindlers, but also demand a drastic overhauling of a law that is obviously far from being a safeguard against the cunning of persons who look on the Bankruptcy Court as an easy way out of liabilities.

There should be more stringent regulations to ensure real owners of businesses being revealed.

Until a short time ago, "John Bowring and Company," trading as merchants in Monument Street, London, E.C., obtained large quantities of goods with what appeared to be excellent references.

When payment was due, the company went into liquidation.

The man behind the firm was a notorious bankrupt, known to the police as Francis Leonard Ambrose, who has a long jail record.

War or no war, it is time Parliament put this wobbly Bankruptcy law right.

Public Benefactor

Mr. H. C. Yeates, of Castle Road, Ipswich, receives this week's £1 1s. for drawing my attention to a local scandal with which I hope to deal quite soon.

Write to me about any grievance that seems to call for investigation.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

"Smokes for Tommies"

AGAIN I urge the Government to bring into force at once the War Charities Act, which operated so successfully in the last war. At present there is no control over appeals issued by newly formed organisations promising to send comforts, books and cigarettes to men serving with the Colours.

Many of these organisations may be genuine, but a central official body should be established to investigate their credentials before being allowed to collect money indiscriminately.

"The Cigarettes for Tommies Fund," of Maidstone House, Berners Street, London, W., is an organisation, according to its circulars, formed to assist in the welfare of the soldiers at the front.

One circular runs: "All moneys received, minus a percentage for office expenses, etc., are immediately forwarded to the tobacco manufacturers for the distribution of cigarettes to the Forces."

Misleading, to say the least.

Only a few weeks old, "The Cigarettes for Tommies Fund" offers collectors £1 a week *and* 25 per cent. of all money collected!

Collectors preferring to do so can take 33⅓ of their total collections, meaning 6s. 8d. in every £, before office expenses are paid.

The "committee" consists of the treasurer, H. D. Raincock; the secretary, J. C. Wescott; and R. E. Harris.

Subtracting salary expenses *and* commission in this way makes such a fund nothing but a farce.

Hunt for £16,000 Robber

NEARLY sixty, yet looking much younger, with keen grey eyes, curly hair and a small moustache, Albert Trelawney, one of the most luxurious crooks I have ever come across, is being sought by the police.

He has cheated a Hereford woman of £16,806, yet he is so daringly impudent that it is quite likely he will now attempt another fraud even though the police are searching for him.

Posing as a banker and director of a Stock Exchange firm, he contrived to make the acquaintance of a woman who had inherited a considerable sum of money under the will of her father, a hop grower. He was able to convince this woman that complete secrecy was essential concerning the investments he pretended he was making.

She was particularly impressed by what the man described as his "banker's licence." There is no such thing. The document was a spectacular fake.

First, the woman entrusted him to invest £500, which, she was assured, would bring her a handsome profit.

Other sums followed. The last was for £5,000.

It is not certain that this clever rogue's real name is Trelawney, because he has used many aliases during the years he has been robbing people. He has often used a woman as a decoy to dupe other women.

He has been in jail several times—once for three years—and it is time he was back there.

I've Got My Eye on this Messiah

ONE of the most fantastic of the self-appointed "messiah" humbugs is back in this country.

As an unwanted alien deported from the United States he was dumped here the other day as "Richard Blake," but he was "Frederick Walton" when last I exposed his money-grabbing activities.

I hope this warning will be in time to save anyone being fooled again by his unctuous nonsense.

Leicester was the centre from which he worked, and he claimed he had some divine power to deal all kinds of diseases, including cancer. When men of this type cruelly bolster the hopes of sufferers from that dreadful scourge they become a menace.

About 35 years old, Walton, or Blake, or whatever he chooses to call himself, says he is destined to become "Supreme Temple Master" of some sect in Tibet.

The call is supposed to have come to him when he was seven, and for years he has called himself "Brother Seven of the Outer Guard." He calls the mysterious band to which he says he belongs the "Mystic Brethren of the Essenes."

Silence is their watchword, but the only attention this charlatan seems to pay to it is when he would conveniently like it to cloak the prosaic money-making side of his "crusades" in which women are his favourite dupes.

After opening an establishment known as "The Solar Temple" in Canada a few years ago, he hurriedly left that country when he heard that a warrant had been issued charging him with obtaining money by false pretences.

I shall be keeping my eye on Mr. Walton, alias Mr. Blake.

HE STOOD UP TO BULLIES

STANDING up to bullies seems to pay, at any rate in civil life.

After many threats, one of my readers, victim of the guide book advertisement racket, received a letter stating:

"This case is being held in . . . on November 21 next, and we shall bring our staff and Counsel to. . . . Naturally we have no desire to do so if there is even a remote possibility of the matter being discussed and a settlement effected beforehand."

In telling the reader to ignore the letter, I explained, "The threat in the last paragraph is merely intended to deter you from defending this case."

The result was as I expected.

In due course there came a letter saying, "Please note that we have withdrawn this action"!

Things are going well in the county courts, but, in the same way as the Admiralty treats the U-boat business, I am not giving away ALL my successes.

POOLS SNARE

NOW football pools have been started again beware of certain clubs offering to invest money for you each week, making all the entries, and claiming that you are nearly sure of a share in big prizes.

Reputable pool firms refuse to pay on entries made by clubs or syndicates that tout for members. Apart from that, many of these mushroom concerns are far from satisfactory.

Typical is the Bull's-eye Forecasting, Ltd., of Henshaw Street, Oldham, behind which is J. M. Greaves. Not long ago his "stunt" was a "snowball," the Florin Profit-Sharing Club.

Before the war, members of his Bull's-eye Club were told that winnings would be distributed in due course. After a few weeks' silence, they received a stencilled letter explaining that the club's affairs had been thrown into turmoil, and promising accounts would be settled at the end of hostilites.

A girl, signing herself "Assistant Secretary," said that as she was leaving in a day or two, there would not be anyone in the office to deal with correspondence.

Now Greaves is sending out fresh circulars, with a "Pools are here again" slogan. No reference is made to the abandoned share-out in September, but he asks for the last investment, if it had not been paid!

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Among the ghosts haunting Hitler is gallant Dolfuss, murdered in Austria by his Nazi cut-throats

GHOSTS that Hit

IF the German people could read the mind of Adolf Hitler and stare through his haggard eyes at the ghosts which haunt it, the Nazi system would collapse.

The Allies are waiting for that collapse. They know that it will come, but they do not know when.

Nobody knows when. Rumour runs swiftly at the heels of rumour, and the wish is father to insubstantial thoughts of early peace.

IT IS FOOLISH TO EXPECT ANYTHING OF THE SORT. IT IS WORSE THAN FOOLISH—IT IS DISLOYAL—TO WANT PEACE, EARLY OR LATE, UPON ANY TERMS SHORT OF THE OVERTHROW OF "HITLERISM" AND ALL IT REPRESENTS.

For if we, too, could read the mind of Hitler, we should see that the world can have neither peace nor happiness while the domination of this evil man endures.

Fear and remorse have driven many a criminal to confession in the condemned cell.

Hitler is doomed. His hands are wet with innocent blood, though there are no gyves upon his wrists.

HE may be incapable of remorse. He may never confess, but even now, while his outward power continues and eighty million Germans still thrill or tremble at his name, the Fuehrer is haunted by the ghosts of his own past—ghosts that mock him with words that cannot be unsaid, and affright him with the memory of deeds that cannot be undone.

Some whisper from that dead past must have sounded in his ears when he entered the great beerhall in Munich where a time bomb, by whatsoever hand bestowed, was ticking out the death watch of unsuspecting men.

How did that whisper run:—

"Do you remember, Adolf, that November day in 1923 when, in this very hall, you fired the first shot that is still echoing round the world?"

Or did the ghost of Hitler's past ask a different and more searching question:

"Do you remember the Reichstag fire, Adolf? You blamed the Communists for that, and you sent a poor half-wit to the scaffold.

"The world did not believe you then. Will it believe you now, after your Gestapo has wrung 'confession' from another scapegoat, and you blame the hated British instead of the 'Reds,' who are 'red' no longer?"

"A man must have luck!" said Hitler, when some came running to him hotfoot with news of his escape.

Aye, Adolf, but how long will it hold? The mills of God grind slow, but they grind exceedingly small.

Germany—the Nazi Germany of-to-day with its muzzled Press and its fear-gagged people—cannot read Hitler's mind. Men and women, who must neither listen to a foreign broadcast nor read a foreign leaflet under penalty of death, are afraid to remember what their Leader said and did a few years ago.

Even the Bible of National Socialism, "Mein Kampf," contains texts that can no longer be quoted.

We in this still free country are not so restricted. We cannot read Hitler's mind, but we can call up some of the ghosts of his dead past. We cannot predict his next move, but we are familiar with his "sickening technique."

There are some who maintain, here as well as in Germany, that Hitler puts Germany first and his personal ambitions long afterwards.

It is not true. Hitler despises his own people. "The Nazi Party," he wrote, "must not be the servant of the mass, but its masters."

The Party was to master the people, and he himself was to be sole master of the Party.

He achieved that mastery and has lived to hear the students of Berlin University roaring the slave chorus: "We spit upon Freedom."

There were ghosts that must have gibbered at him then—the ghosts of old friends and loyal comrades massacred at his orders in the "blood bath" of June, 1934.

Roehm had shared the leadership of the Nazi movement with Hitler, but would not give him the "blind obedience" he exacted. And Roehm was shot like a dog.

KARL ERNST—Hitler had been best man at his wedding a week or so previously—perished in that purge. And General von Schleicher, too. And his wife.

And scores of Hitler's "Old Guard," until Hitler himself was sated with slaughter.

IN THAT HOUR HE BRANDED HIMSELF A VILLAIN, WHO WOULD STICK AT NOTHING, WHO KNEW NO MERCY, AND HAD NO AIM BUT HIS OWN INFAMOUS AGGRANDISEMENT.

With smooth words and false promises, Hitler has constantly pursued his own ruthless ambition ever since the purge of 1934.

"I want to have a monument in the hearts of my people," he cried fervently at Karlsruhe in March, 1936. "A thirty-centimetre shell costs two thousand marks. With another thousand I could build a workman's house!"

That was just after he had reoccupied the Rhineland and denounced the Locarno Treaty, and he knew then that his feet were already set upon the path that must lead his people into war.

The ghosts that haunt the mind of Hitler gather faster as he looks back. They are becoming a multitude whom no man can number.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Chainless Minds

WE'VE become "pool" conscious during the last eleven weeks. Pool tea, pool prunes, pool shirts, pool margarine, even pool petrol, and you can't get away from the fact that when a commodity is pooled its quality can never be much higher than that of the poorest ingredient it contains.

If only because of this we must fight desperately against "pool" mentality. And it is not so far-fetched as you might think.

It can be done. It's been done in Germany. It's been done in Russia. It was done in Italy, and it's in full force in Japan.

Pool mentality is inevitable when people won't take the trouble to think for themselves.

You can disguise it under any name you prefer, and some of the names given to "pool mentality" have been very high-sounding.

It is the willingness of the individual to allow his thinking to be done for him. It is attractive to some people, this turning of a nation of individuals into a machine, but national virility can endure only on the foundation of individual independence. Independence of thought is every individual's most sacred duty.

Byron described Liberty as "The eternal spirit of the chainless mind." There's the core of the matter. Liberty and freedom are essentially mental and spiritual things. We are free only if our minds are free.

You will find it, as you find most other things, in the Bible: "Fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul."

Keep your mind your own, whatever else you may have to give up these days. That way, and that way alone, lies Liberty.

haunt TLER!

Among them is gallant Dolfuss, butchered in Austria at his behest.

To maintain his tyrant's power, Hitler trained the very children of Germany to worship the Swastika, to count themselves as "cannon fodder."

He surrounded himself with spies. He picked the more brutal and fanatical of his young men to serve in concentration camps, where the horror of the club and the lash was more than decent men could stomach. What mercy, then, could "the little nations" hope for when they, too, came under the curse of the Swastika?

"THE lie goes forth that Germany to-morrow or the day after will fall upon Austria or Czechoslovakia!" stormed Hitler to the "blind masses" of Berlin on the first of May, 1936.

"A lie, Adolf?" whispered the ghosts of Hitler's past. *"But did you not say in 'Mein Kampf' that 'right abides in strength alone,' and that 'we are not the police protectors of poor little nations, but the soldiers of our own'?"*

Austria is his native country. Most men retain some love for the land which gave them birth. But Adolf Hitler has stamped out the gaiety of Vienna; he has trampled the freedom of a proud people under the jackboot.

He polices his native land with Gestapo bullies.

"Shall I remind you?"—again the whisper that must run now through the Fuehrer's mind is the echo of his own words—*"of 'the Bolshevist revolution which slaughtered millions upon millions of people, but whose bloodstained murderers still occupy high places?' They are your friends now, Adolf, or at least you thought they were."*

Again, as Hitler sits in Berlin poring over his maps and calling his baffled generals to council, there must come to him another echo: *"An alliance which is not for the purpose of waging war has no meaning and no value.*

"Therefore the fact of forming an alliance with Russia would be the signal for a new war. And that would be the end of Germany."

Indeed, the end draws near. Because he coveted Poland and because he dared not face "the war on two fronts," Hitler cynically denounced the first article of the Nazi gospel and bought the neutrality of Stalin with the final betrayal of Germany itself.

What has it profited him? The ghosts that haunt him gather faster yet.

WOMEN and little children and old people pass before his tortured inward gaze. They were massacred in their Polish homes by the bombs that were loosed at the command of the man who dared to boast that he did not make war upon women and children!

From frightfulness to greater frightfulness, the pitiless bully of Europe strides onward.

The murder mine that is loosed upon the high seas for the massacre of the innocents of all countries is but the latest challenge.

THERE CAN BE NO TRAFFIC WITH SUCH A VILLAIN.

Hitler started the war. It is not for him to say when it shall end.

Nobody can call the Navy the Silent Service while "Ernie" Chatfield is about, says

HANNEN SWAFFER

He'll Make a Good Statue!

Being a sailor, Lord "Ernie" Chatfield said of the Navy what all sailors think!

PEOPLE were amazed when Lord Baldwin, forced at last to appoint a Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, chose Sir Thomas Inskip, "a mere lawyer."

The decision was called the strangest, most surprising and stupidest appointment of recent times.

Well, Inskip did his best to "co-ordinate" the three defence services, of which he knew so little.

Then, seven months before war started, Neville gave Inskip the Woolsack, and asked "Ernie" Chatfield to fill the vacant place.

The Navy's greatest gunnery expert, Chatfield, son of an Admiral, joined the Services as a cadet at the age of 13. Eventually he became Admiral of the Fleet.

★

Now he is 67.

Talkative and popular, he does not, in his Chat, still walk the quarter-deck. Once at a dinner though he nearly stamped it.

Someone had said that our battleships were too costly.

"You're going to ask *our* sailors to fight Rolls-Royce battleships with Ford battleships?" he demanded.

"There is no such thing as an old nation," he retorted another time. "Britain rejuvenates herself, and she is as young to-day as in the days of Drake."

Knowing that the men of the old press-gang days were often no good, he actually opposed Conscription, saying, "The longer we can keep the voluntary services going the better for our efficiency."

And, being a sailor, he has said of the Navy what all sailors think!

"The British Navy is the greatest Service in the world. If the sailor failed, we should lose everything, almost as if a tidal wave had swept over this island. Then everything we stand for in the world and all our influence for good would be swept away. The nations of the world would be scrambling for pieces of the British Empire for a hundred years."

When Chatfield is about, nobody dare call the Navy "The Silent Service." He has made as many as 150 speeches in a year!

Like Roberts and Jellicoe, he is physically small, a tireless worker with an iron constitution. His quick, bird-like movements are an index to his rapidity of thought and decision.

A foreign Admiral described him as "an electric current. You don't see how he works, but you do know that he is making the bell ring."

Chatfield, flag-captain in *Lion* when the last war started, was in the Battle of the Bight on August 24, 1914. The Germans lost three cruisers.

On three later occasions, *Lion*, under Captain Chatfield, was heavily engaged in the North Sea. Twice she was in danger of destruction.

She was one of the ships that intercepted and forced into action the German battle cruiser force in January, 1915, sinking *Blucher* and severely punishing *Seydlitz*.

This battle squadron bore the brunt of the day at Jutland. *Lion* was within an ace of blowing up when German shells started a cordite fire in her turrets.

The war over, Chatfield became Fourth Sea Lord, and then, after a squadron command, Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy.

Ten years ago he commanded the Atlantic, then the Mediterranean, finding drama when the men of his ships did splendid rescue work among the starving and demented victims of a Greek earthquake.

★

He had to "handle Naval disarmament" at the ineffective conference. It was a job that worried him a lot. But when, as First Sea Lord, he had to set about rearming the Navy, he got a job that pleased him.

"Tell him to get his hair cut," said George V, a stickler over such matters, when he saw a photograph of Beatty in an exhibition.

"Chatfield's trousers are too short," said a sartorial expert. "He shows too much bright blue sock."

His best wisecrack, expressed when he was hoping that China would be able to become a prosperous country again, was the phrase: "We want to see it again become a land flowing with silk and money."

His worst slab of patriotic blah was the strangely bunkish remark, "Fear is an infection we caught from the Continent."

I like best the story of when he was given a Civil Reception in Liverpool in 1934. As First Sea Lord he was walking in procession with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen.

★

Spotting in the crowd a man who looked by no means prosperous, he gripped him by the arm, hauled him into the procession, and walked with him in deep conversation through the corridors of the Town Hall to the Lord Mayor's parlour.

The man, Frederick Gronert, a stoker in *Lion* at Jutland, was then an unemployed storekeeper.

The two talked in the Lord Mayor's parlour for some minutes. The Big Wigs waited.

Chatfield's apology was good enough for all of them.

"I spotted an old shipmate," he said. "He seems down on his luck at the moment. I couldn't let him go till I found out what I could do for him."

Chatfield makes a good show in the Lords. In council he uses words born of great experience.

He stood up magnificently to the damaging high explosives fired by those "know-alls" who said naval warfare was a thing of the past, that navies were obsolete and aircraft would be the only weapon of the future.

He faced them with the concrete courage of a Raleigh.

He should make a good statue one day, should Alfred Ernle Montacute, first Baron Chatfield, Grand Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Member of the Order of Merit, Knight-Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, Admiral of the Fleet in the Royal Navy.

Many statues would be glad of such distinguished Orders of Chivalry to justify their existence.

WILL SCOTT *missing nothing of the humours of war, tells a "moving" story*

And What Did We See?

OUTSIDE The Myrtles was a pantechnicon, loading up. It was a most depressing sight. Outside The Laurels was another pantechnicon, loading up, with another outside The Maples and another outside The Elms.

And it was the same, from what you heard, all over the town. Half the population appeared to be clearing out.

Some, they said, were going down into the West Country, where it was safer. Others were going back to London, where it was livelier. At any rate, they had heard it was livelier.

Nowhere, they said, could be more dead than *here* in war time. Black-out by night. Not a soul about by day. What was there to stay for?

So away they went.

In shoals.

It infuriated Old Mouser.

"Quitters!" he raved. "That's all they are—quitters! And fools! Here's as safe as anywhere else. Why go chasing down to Somerset and Dorset? No safer than here."

He wanted to open the window and shout "Quitters!" at each fresh pantechnicon which drew up. And only Mrs. Mouser's fear of what the neighbours would think prevented him.

"Neighbours!" he snorted. "You needn't worry about the neighbours. At this rate we shan't have any neighbours left in a week's time. They'll all have scuttled off like a lot of rabbits that have heard a footstep in the wood."

He was as mad about it as a man could be.

"You won't find the war driving me out of this town," he said. "Not if it lasts twenty years! I've lived here since I was a boy and here I stay. I saw the last war through and I'll see the one after this. Those who think the war can shift me will find out they've been mistaken—when they come back! The quitters!"

And he felt so deeply about it that you could hardly get him to admit there was any difference between these times and the old days of peace.

You'd point out that the streets were almost empty by day and completely so at night.

"Time of the year!" he'd growl. "Always is the case as winter approaches."

You'd remark on the silence that was everywhere.

"What do you expect?" he'd demand. "This is a respectable, residential town. Do you want people going round in dozens, bawling songs in the streets?"

And he wouldn't even have it that most of the regulars had departed from the "local" at the bottom of the hill.

"Look round," he'd say, "Pringle is still here. Cotton is still here. Lambton-Lamb is still here. And others. And isn't it better not crowded? Cosier. Got the place to ourselves. Hang it, it's an improvement since the war."

Well, Old Mouser could say what he liked, but it wasn't the same. The streets *were* silent and empty and there was a hush over everything.

And even the regulars in the local at the bottom of the hill used to turn up later and go home earlier every night. The excuse was that they'd stopped to listen to the radio or wanted to get back to listen, or something.

Of course, you knew what it was. It was the war getting on people's nerves. You had to admit it.

But Old Mouser wouldn't.

One night, Lambton-Lamb, who had always been the Life and Soul of the Party, showed signs of weakening.

He actually sighed.

"Things are so depressing," he said. "Everywhere. Just *dead*."

Old Mouser pointed a meaty finger at him.

"I know what you're leading up to," he said scornfully. "You're off to some place that is *safer* and *brighter*! You're going to *quit*!"

"OH no, I'm not," said Lambton-Lamb. "That's where you're mistaken. But you must admit things are dead and getting deader. We meet here every night and say the same things until we're bored stiff with each other. Latest war news and nothing but. It gets on your nerves."

"Huh!" exclaimed Old Mouser.

"If things keep on more people will be leaving," declared Lambton-Lamb.

"Quitters!" sneered Old Mouser.

"Maybe," said Lambton-Lamb, "but what is there to keep 'em? What is there to keep us?"

"It's the grandest little town——" Old Mouser began.

But Lambton-Lamb cut in.

"I know all about that. But it's blacked-out and it's silent and it's half-empty. And if you call it cheerful, I *don't*. We ought to do something."

"Do something," said Old Mouser.

"Yes," said Lambton-Lamb.

"How do you mean—do something?"

"Can't express himself!" Old Mouser snorted to the ceiling.

"Get something up," Lambton-Lamb supplemented.

"Do you mean amateur theatricals and that sort of rot?" asked Old Mouser. "Where? The Town Hall's been commandeered for A.R.P. The smaller halls are full of evacuees. Even if I agreed with such nonsense, which I don't, there isn't anywhere."

"Still," said Lambton-Lamb, "I think we ought to do something."

"Such as what?" Old Mouser asked.

"Oh, well. . . ." said Lambton-Lamb doubtfully.

"There you are!" said Old Mouser.

HE left it at that.

But Lambton-Lamb didn't.

The next night he showed he'd been thinking it over.

"Ever been in my house?" he said to me.

"No," said I. "Since you menton it, I can't say I have."

"Nor have I been in yours," said he. "That's one thing that's wrong with us. We don't really mix. We meet here for an hour each night. Our wives have a gossip on the town 'bus. But that's an end of it. You don't notice it in peace time, but *now*! We're *lonely*. We ought to get together. The men and the women. *And* the kids. Families."

"How?" said Old Mouser.

"I've got an idea," said Lambton-Lamb.

He told us all about it.

We'd all got, it appeared, some sort of talent. We could sing or recite or tell yarns or do little sketches or make lightning drawings on blackboards or get up games. We didn't, and that was the trouble. But we *could*.

His idea was that we should meet once a week in each other's houses, complete with wives and families, and have a Do.

(Continued on page 24)

"Quitters!" raved Old Mouser. "That's all they are—quitters! And fools! Here's as safe as anywhere"

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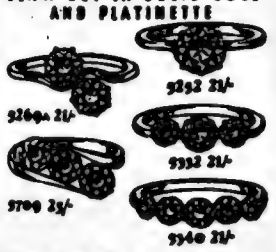

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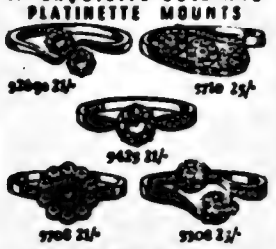

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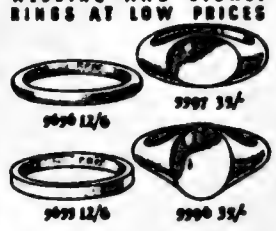

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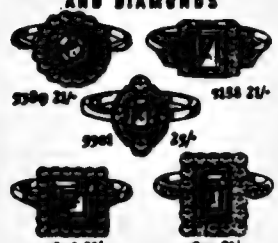

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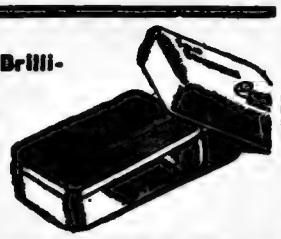

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3-MINUTE MYSTERY

Who Killed the Inventor?

Connolly found a vital clue as he gazed at the damaged machinery

ALFRED STANDING, brilliant young inventor, lay sprawled across his latest high-speed aeroplane engine. He was dead, and there was a bullet wound in the back of his head.

"He must've died instantaneously," said Captain John Connolly, of the Intelligence. "It looks as if he were bending over the engine when the bullet entered at the base of his skull. It came out just below the left eye and buried itself in the mechanism of the magneto. The killer's gun was pointing downwards."

"I don't know about *that*," said Wing-Commander Brooking. "But we're going to miss Standing's engine. We were counting on it."

"You think the engine might never be completed?"

"Exactly! That's why I said I shouldn't be surprised to find there's an enemy agent at the back of this!"

Connolly turned to Everett Perring, the inventor's friend and mechanic.

"You were the only one around when this happened?" he asked. "Yet Standing was dead for more than an hour before you communicated with the police?"

"I reported it as soon as I found he was dead. I was working in the other garage, and it was only when I came to ask a question that I discovered the crime."

"The other garage is only about twenty-five yards from here," continued Connolly. "Why didn't you come over as soon as you heard the shot?"

"I didn't realise it was a shot. I thought it was a back-fire. Standing had been racing the engine and there was a lot of back-firing.

"I thought it *was* a shot, but I heard the engine start again."

"You expect me to believe all this?" asked Connolly. "Well, I don't, and I'm going to hand you over to the police for murdering Standing!"

How did Connolly know that Perring had murdered Standing?

(*Turn to page 34*)

War Time Gardening

by Richard Sudell

FRUIT trees can be very trying acquaintances. They are like the man who answered an enquiry about his health by saying, "I eats well, I sleeps well, but when I sees a job of work I am all of a dither."

In many gardens there are fruit trees that are robust and bloom well, but they never bear fruit.

The main cause of infertility is lack of suitable food in the soil. Most soils lack potash, a food that can be replaced now by dusting the soil with sulphate of potash, one or two ounces to the square yard, or with Kainit at the same rate.

Lime is also beneficial, because it releases potash in the soil.

Many fruits are self-sterile. Their own pollen refuses to pollinate the flowers, but another variety, blooming at the same time, will effect pollination.

Now's the time for old fruit trees to be pruned. First thin out branches crossing each other and crowding the centre of the tree.

Aim at securing a shapely tree and admitting light between all branches. *Sunlight promotes fruitfulness.*

Stunted trees benefit by having a few barrow-loads of manure forked into the soil around the roots, and remember that the roots of a fruit tree dip into the surrounding soil as far as the extremity of the branches.

Over-feeding can cause unfruitfulness.

Plenty of lime, half a pound to a square yard, will sometimes shock lazy fruit trees into bearing.

Continuing Will Scott's story of the

SITTING-ROOM REVELS

followed by beer for the men and coffee and cakes for the others.

"I don't mean a dismal sit-round, like in Queen Victoria's day," he said, "but an entertainment made by ourselves. A kind of Sitting Room Theatre of Varieties. The first week at my place, the second at Old Mouser's, the third at Pringle's, and so on. We'd have the fun of getting it up and the whole family would look forward to it. We shouldn't have so much time to think about the war."

WELL, we talked it over, down there in the local, and the general opinion was that it was a brain-wave on the part of Lambton-Lamb and it was arranged right away that the first Sitting Room Hippodrome should take place at his house on the following Friday evening at eight o'clock.

"It might work up into a big success," said I.

"It's a big success already," said Lambton-Lamb.

"How," I asked.

"Well, you may not have noticed it," he answered, "but to-night, up to now, we haven't mentioned the war once."

"That's true," said somebody.

And we all drank to the success of the Sitting Room Hippodrome.

Well, Friday evening came and we were all round at the Lambton-Lambs in good time. They'd arranged chairs in rows across one end of their sitting-room, and the other half had been left empty—except for a piano and chair—as a kind of stage.

By five-past-eight we were all in our places and ready.

"Right," said Lambton-Lamb, rubbing his hands. "To give things a start off I'll ask my daughter Phyllis to give us the overture on the piano."

Phyllis Lambton-Lamb, pink to the top of the ears, seated herself at the piano and gave us the overture. It was snappy and full of speed; so full in fact that it was over in less than a minute.

Of course, we applauded.

"That girl," said Lambton-Lamb in a hoarse whisper which everybody could hear—including Phyllis—"is going to do something big with the piano one day. She's having lessons."

ON hearing this I think we were all secretly relieved, because if ever a girl needed lessons it was Phyllis Lambton-Lamb.

Her father took the centre of the "stage" again and held up his hand.

"Now," he said, "has anybody brought a song?"

Everybody looked at everybody else, or at the floor, but nobody spoke.

"Oh, come. Surely?" said Lambton-Lamb.

But still nobody spoke.

"Mabel!" said Lambton-Lamb. This brought his younger daughter forward.

"My daughter Mabel will sing two songs," said Lambton-Lamb.

She did.

At the end of the first verse of the first song she stopped and frowned at her sister. She said that Phyllis was going too fast. Phyllis said Mabel was going too slow. It was difficult to tell, but they weren't together.

So they started again. . . .

At the end of the second song, of course, we applauded that.

The third item, Lambton-Lamb announced, was in the nature of a novelty. He called it "The Greatest Event in My Life," and he wanted each of us men in turn, week by week, to tell the most dramatic story of his career.

"Anything," he said, "so long as it's entertaining. So will one of you fellows kick off?"

We all protested that nothing exciting had ever happened to us.

"Well, while you're making up your minds," he said, "I'll tell one. I'll tell you what happened to me in Zanzibar."

So he told us what happened to him in Zanzibar, and it took him twenty-five minutes.

After which we had refreshments.

It was during this interval that I first caught sight of the look of blank amazement on Old Mouser's face.

The second half opened with another overture by Phyllis, followed by two more songs from Mabel. And then Lambton-Lamb asked if any of the men present had by now recalled any of their adventures worth telling.

To which we all answered "No."

"VERY well," said Lambton-Lamb, "I'll give you another of mine."

And he told us what happened to him in Mexico, which took him half an hour.

Then, since no other little boy would, Harold Lambton-Lamb gave two of "hundreds" of recitations he knew, and Lambton-Lamb announced his star turn.

"My wife," he said, "will now sing."

And she did. . . .

I can't tell you much without being rude to the lady. Even Lambton-Lamb was not too sure, I think, because he closed the window.

As for Old Mouser, his jaw sagged open and I saw his cheeks going pale.

We finished about ten o'clock, with a speech from Lambton-Lamb in praise of himself.

"It just shows you," he said, "what you can do when you try. And once again I'd like to remind you fellows that we haven't mentioned the war once."

In the hall, coming out, he slapped Old Mouser on the back.

"Well, old man," he said, "we'll all be round at your place next Friday night. Eight o'clock sharp."

And we all went home.

* * *

That was last Friday.

Yesterday morning my wife and I were taking down the black-out at the bedroom window and we chanced to look out.

And what did we see?

Next door, outside Old Mouser's, was a pantechnicon.

Loading up.

Amazing GOOD VALUE AT 10 GNS..

says Christopher Stone

THESE last few weeks have made us realise how much we must depend on radio in the uncertain months ahead. The unanswered question is: can we depend on our own "old faithful" not to let us down? It's better to be safe than sorry —so why not get that new set we'd been promising ourselves.

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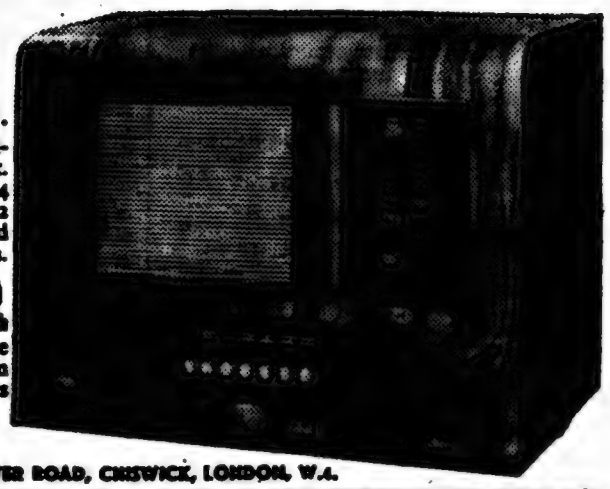

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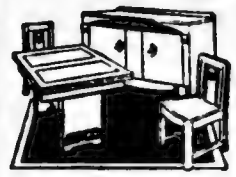

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"I am Afraid!"

"I tremble going to work; I tremble coming home. I feel my pulse; I look in the mirror, I face a black future"

HUMANIST

devotes his page each week to haunting human problems and invites you to seek advice when you are worried or perplexed. A guinea is paid for each of the letters from which he quotes.

SO many readers write to me about the difficulties of other readers, revealed in this page, that I am going to ask you to give me your opinion of the best method of dealing with some of the strange human problems that come my way,

I will pay a guinea for each letter published.

Let us start by considering problems created by war conditions, for they must apply in some way to most of us.

There is, for instance a man who complains that his life has been a nightmare since he was fourteen. His fears have been increased by war.

"I am now thirty-four years of age," he says. "I have a wife and two children, and a steady job. Yet I am always afraid of the unknown. I have never recovered from a nervous breakdown that threatened my reason twenty years ago.

"Doctors tell me that I am physically sound, but nothing they can say will rid me of the awful, unceasing fear of sudden death. I sometimes work myself into such a state that I am breathless and shaking.

"I cannot bear to be alone either at work or at home. I tremble going to work; I tremble coming home. I feel my pulse; I look in the mirror. The nightmare is always with me. I face a black future.

"Humanist, please advise me.

"It is possible that such advice may reach many more who, like me, are tortured day and night through an overstrung nervous system."

This problem does not apply specifically to war time, but it is likely to be more familiar when there is a fear of sudden death swooping from the sky.

What can I tell the man who torments himself with such fears? I feel certain there is nothing organically wrong with him. His fears are self-created. Sooner or later he will have to die, but there is no justification for this everlasting panic.

I advised him to make a will, set his affairs in order, and be prepared for the end whenever it may come. There is nothing unnatural about dying when life has run its course. To my way of thinking, it is as natural as falling asleep at the end of the day.

And sudden death, his particular fear, is by no means the worst way of leaving. Better far than years of pain on a sick bed, then death to the accompaniment of medicine bottles, injections, oxygen cylinders, and the rest of it.

And what would you say to this man, so eager to attack conscientious objectors?

"They are simply funks," he writes, "afraid of being hurt, afraid of being killed, yet they are willing to let other men suffer wounds or death while they stay in safety. A man should not be allowed to shirk his plain duty because he happens to have short measure of physical courage."

I AM not going to be drawn into an argument about conscientious objectors. Whether we agree or not, we must be fair. These men do not object to being hurt or even killed in battle. They decline to hurt or kill other men.

Their reasons differ—religious, political, humanitarian—but they do emphasise their determination not to take human life. If everybody thought as they do there would be no wars.

Easier to deal with is the plight of a father living alone in a big town in the danger zone while his wife and children remain in a safety area. He hates the lonely existence.

"I awake at 7 a.m.," he says; "get my own breakfast, and go to work. I return at 6 p.m., get my tea, wash the crocks, make my bed, and spend the rest of the evening in utter solitude. It is getting on my nerves. Already I have had to see a doctor.

"One of my work-mates has been taken ill. The neighbours were out and he had virtually to crawl up the road for help. This 'legalised' separation is one of the great curses of the war.

"Do you think mothers ought to go away leaving the breadwinner to 'enjoy' winter months in extreme discomfort? Three years of this life will break up many a home. It has gone beyond a joke.

"I am not a selfish person and I know scores of other men, fed up to the teeth, who hold the same views. It is a very human problem."

The same problem exists for lonely wives of soldiers and teachers and Civil Servants who have been transferred into safety.

Many women have refused to leave their husbands. They have realised that when a man has worked all day he wants the comforts of home, a wife, a fire, a decently cooked meal, and company.

And the loneliness is the hardest part of all.

I can only suggest that lonely men should get out of the empty house on certain evenings. They could join a club; take part in anything from darts or billiards to amateur dramatics or choral society work.

Some men in suburbs have started visiting each other, listening together to the radio, and playing such games as chess, draughts and cards.

Sitting alone in misery is not good for the human spirit, and the lonely husband should "step out of it."

AND now for the mother who resents another woman having any part of her son's life.

"Should my son spend his leave with his parents or with his girl friend?" she asks. "She arrives at my house almost as soon as he does. I am expected to feed her, and then they go to her home, staying there for the rest of the evening.

"The girl's mother has four daughters, all of whom have to be indoors by 10 o'clock at night, yet my son does not return to us until midnight or after. My husband tells me not to say anything, but I disagree. There are scenes every time the boy comes home.

"Don't you think he should contrive to spend an evening with us?"

This problem is always tormenting thousands of homes. The young man wants to be with his girl as much as possible. Parents have to take second place.

Those who remember their own youth understand perfectly and make allowances. Young people in love are so engrossed in each other that they have little time or thought for their elders. It is no use blaming them. You must accept human nature.

The wise mother will conceal her resentment and realise that time passes quickly when youngsters are together in their dreamland.

Here's Your 10-Minute Wits Test

IN each of the prize *Bullets* below, one of the winning words is incompletely printed—dots indicate number of missing letters.

As a ten-minute Wits Test, see if you can fill in that blank in each prize effort.

For your answers consult page 34, where you will see the actual completed *Bullet* which has brought a useful war time cheque to a JOHN BULL reader this week.

Remember—each of these prize efforts which you can successfully complete proves that *you* can build a prize *Bullet* for yourself.

Girl He Left Behind
Isn't Economising With I . k.

America's Neutral, But
H . . p To Our Flying.

Nice Soft Job
Chief's Looks? Chiefly L . . . s!

FIRST AID HINTS

The Smallest
SKIN INJURY
CAN DEVELOP INTO A
SEPTIC SORE

Keep a tin of GERMOLENE in your A·R·P BOX

Germolene heals cuts and abrasions in a way that's almost magical. With Germolene to protect them they can't go the wrong way and fester, becoming angry painful sores. Wash with soap and water at once, then with clean water. Dry, and apply Germolene plentifully. The wound begins to heal immediately and in no time at all it is completely well again.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

6d., 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin
Sold Everywhere

NATURE RULES US WITH A ROD OF IRON

WHEN you try again and again to pull yourself together; when you blame yourself for feeling so "lazy," when you live half-heartedly and are always tired, remember this: You may have a will of iron to force yourself to keep going; but it won't help you much if you have not enough iron in your blood!

Nature demands her full "Iron ration" daily, and, if we break Nature's iron rule, we pay the price in illness. Any doctor will tell you that the natural organic iron in food and beverages is better for you than any medicine. But how many of us get sufficient iron in our food in the ordinary way? Not one in a hundred. That is why, for many years, doctors have recommended Keystone Burgundy with meals.

Keystone is exceptionally rich in natural organic iron—30% richer than other wines of its kind. Besides, the iron in Keystone is easily absorbed, taken eagerly by your body, and quickly put to use. It does not upset your digestion. Then again, taking iron "medicine" is one of the unpleasant things of life; but taking iron-rich Keystone is one of the pleasures!

If you are pale and listless, take Keystone as Nature's sure and pleasant remedy for iron starvation. Your doctor will approve, strongly. If you are well—make sure you keep well! Take Keystone with your meals—as so many do—as a spur to appetite, a help to digestion, and one of the pleasures of the table.

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 5s. 0d., half-flagons 2s. 6d. (3d. extra deposit returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (95)

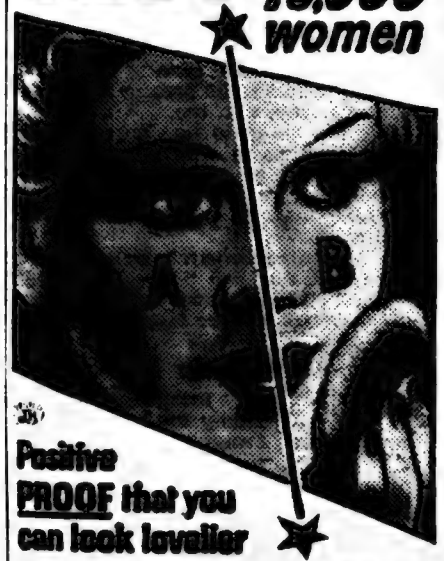
WAR ON DINGY TEETH

MAGNESIA BEST FOR WHITENING TEETH

Sound, white teeth are half the battle for good health. Everyone who tries the new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is amazed to see how completely it removes ugly stains, and leaves the teeth amazingly white. A most astonishing discovery! Why is 'Milk of Magnesia' such an effective whitener? The reason is that it instantly neutralizes the harmful mouth acids which encourage the formation of dingy yellow deposits and tartar on the teeth. Moreover, it destroys the cause of decay, germs which swarm in the acid mouth. The toothpaste that gives you this marvellous tooth-whitening service is Phillips' Dental Magnesia and it alone contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Get a tube today and try it. And if you have a relative or friend in the services at home or abroad include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel; you will be thanked for this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d., and 1/6 a tube.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

STRANGE FACE POWDER TEST astounds 10,000 ★ women



Positive PROOF that you can look lovelier

Make this TEST TODAY

An amazing new discovery in face powders. A wonderful new ingredient which *beautifies the skin.* Gives new life and radiance. Makes sallow dull complexions glow with youthful, natural colour. And makes the powder *stay on*—even in wind and rain and in spite of perspiration. Ends shiny nose. This patented ingredient is called "Mousse of Cream." Obtainable only in Poudre Tokalon.

A TRULY SENSATIONAL OFFER

Powder one half of your face with Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" powder—and the other half with any ordinary powder. If the "Mousse of Cream" side does not look *fresher, younger, lovelier,* than the other, the price of your Poudre Tokalon refunded in full.

BEES "NATIONAL" HALF-DOZEN ROSES

Richly tinted all-Devon Roses 5/- Carriage Paid

The varieties in this collection are "good doers" everywhere, the colour ranges is most pleasing and the price is exceptionally attractive. Exhibition Hybrid Tea Rose, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, orange-pink, very fragrant, 1/2; Independence Day (Gold Medal H.R.H. Queen, Canada), orange, flushed red, very fragrant, 1/-; Talisman, rose, shaded yellow, 1/-; Lady E. Verney (Gold Medal Bath), very curious, 1/6; Etoile de Hollande, blood-red, 1/-; Hospital McGredy (Gold Medal), orange-scarlet, 1/-. Order and Plant Now.

BEES Ltd., 1818, HILL STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Twinkle, twinkle little star . .

Bright eyes, sparkling smile, clear skin, rosy cheeks—and all thanks to Nestlé's Milk! How difficult to remember now the fretful baby that she was a few weeks ago—unable to sleep, unable to digest her food or put on weight. Mother tried Nestlé's on the advice of a friend, and baby took to it at once. The light flaky curd was so easy to digest, so nourishing. She began to put on weight straight away, to sleep soundly, to wake contented and happy. Look at her now!

Nestlé's Milk has often proved to be the only food which a delicate baby can digest; but the value of Nestlé's does not end at infant feeding. In the early formative years children need all the nourishment they can get if they are to build a sturdy physique. Nestlé's rich creamy milk makes everything to which you can add it twice as appetising and twice as nourishing. Give them a big spoonful with their porridge and milk puddings, or stirred into their cocoa. Spread thick on a biscuit it is delicious too. And watch for the 'hallmarks of health' which Nestlé's brings—white teeth, sturdy limbs, clear skin and sweet, deep sleep. Nestlé's Milk is a splendid food for babies up to the age of six months, and is invaluable for all children up to six years old.

Nestlé's book "Baby," a wise and simple guide through all the ups and downs of baby's early days, and Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts, designed to cover the succeeding years, will be sent to you entirely free on application to Nestlé's Milk Products Limited (I.F.317) 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

As good as gold!

—thanks to

NESTLÉ'S MILK

WAR LIVING UPSETS YOUR LIVER

When you feel rotten, wake up your liver bile without purgatives, and you'll feel grand!

The first part of your body to feel the bad effects of war-time worry, poor sleep and irregular meals is your liver. Your liver should pour out two pints of cleansing bile juice into your system every day. If it doesn't, your food just decays inside you. You feel tired, headachy, depressed. You have indigestion. You get constipated.

Ordinary laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement can't make you feel fit and able to face things with a smile. What you need are Carters Brand Little Liver Pills—harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Next morning you'll wake up feeling fitter than you've felt for years. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills today. 1/3 at all chemists.

CATARRH-NOSES

Clean out poisonous mucus. Banish Catarrh

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy stops Catarrh. Instantly cleans out Nose. Clears Head, Throat, Chest. Brings away the germ-laden mucus that is poisoning you. "NOSTROLINE" soothes Soreness Heals Inflammation. Ends Catarrh. Colds, 'Flu; relieves Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness. Insist on "NOSTROLINE" and take nothing else. 1/3 at all Chemists.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.95, Bristol, 8.

Send for this FREE Furnishing Catalogue

JAY'S FURNISHING STORES offer readers of *John Bull* a Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their Special Xmas Furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms. A free copy of this excellent Catalogue and full particulars can be obtained by filling in the coupon in their announcement on page 23 and posting in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. *John Bull*, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

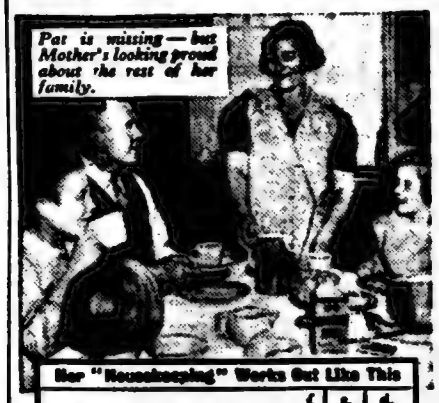
SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"IT'S NO PICNIC BRINGING UP FOUR KIDDIES ON £2-15-0 A WEEK FOR EVERYTHING"

says Mrs. Mosley of Derby



Her "Housekeeping" Works Out Like This

	£	s.	d.
Rent		8	9½
Coal		3	0
Electricity		2	6
Clothes Club		3	0
Insurance		1	10
Husband's expenses		3	6
Food	1	11	0
Sundries		1	4½
	£2	15	0

Mrs. Mosley knows now that all *her family get more nourishment from their meals since she discovered that*

ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION

"IT'S certainly no picnic trying to satisfy six appetites on £2.15.0," says Mrs. Mosley. "Willie, who's 13, is an athletic youngster; and his sister Pat was champion of the school sports — at 11, too.

"Well, I have to allow £1.11.0 for food, and it's only thanks to Rowntree's Cocoa that I manage on that. You see, Rowntree's makes meals *so* much more nourishing. All my family say they feel better fed when they have Rowntree's Cocoa with their food—that's because it aids digestion and so makes food go further."

* * *

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it actually helps people to digest all their other food *more quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more goodness out of their meals — put on *extra* bone, muscle and tissue.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA has a lovely, chocolaty flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup — that's why it's so much more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. Remember this too: because Rowntree's is *"pre-digested"* it helps your supper or late night snack to "go down better." Digestive troubles can't disturb your sleep.

Four champion youngsters! As tough as they make 'em, and as hardy as the wheel-barrows they're pretending to be!

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

— MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

Voice of the People

PEOPLE are so fond of telling stories running down the evacuation system that I offer a little pen-picture of another aspect.

One of my "boys," from Hull, discovered that it was my husband's birthday.

Although he had just walked a mile and a half from the village school to my home, he walked all the way back to the village, and then back home again, with a sixpenny pipe he had managed to buy with his last coin.

The greasiness of the pipe showed how tightly and lovingly he had clutched it.

It will take more than the end of a war to break such links as we have formed with our little guests.—Mrs. V. H. Dee, East Hann Farm, Barrow-on-Humber, Lincolnshire.

Don't Want Herrings

AS a herring curer and exporter, most of my business, which was with Germany and the Baltic States, has disappeared. So I went to Yarmouth with the intention of sending fresh herrings to Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham and other Midland cities, only to find that I couldn't even pay expenses.

People didn't want herrings.

To prove what I say, I forward a report from my Nottingham salesman.—C. L., Anstruther.

The report explains that there is "No demand whatever—even at 2s. a stone." So the catches of the brave fishermen, who defy the U-boats, are wasted, while British money must be poured into foreign countries to buy our food.

Mailbag Mystery

MANY hundreds of mailbags pass through the large post office building in which I work with three or four hundred other persons.

It seems extraordinary that unauthorised persons can roam among these bags. No questions are asked. No watch is kept.

I have known a stranger wander from top to bottom of the building among these treasured letters and parcels without being questioned.—S. U. (town not given at own request).

Writer of this footnote, trying to find trunk telephone facilities late at night, has often found himself alone among mountains of mail. Postal authorities are notoriously skimpy in their staffing.

Give Them Light

AS a shopkeeper normally selling hundreds of dry batteries, I wish I had the power to describe the real fear shown by many persons when I have to tell them that "there are no batteries."

Casualties have doubled on the roads through a shortage of batteries for rear-lights. And the distress of women who have to cross lonely stretches of country late at night without torches has to be seen to be believed.

Making certain that batteries are available for everybody to whom they are essential should be an important part of the national effort.—A. T. W. Papworth, High Street, Bagshot, Surrey.

Demand for batteries has gone up as much as a thousand per cent. in some districts, and the battery trade is working night and day. Yet there are ways in which the Government could help to increase output.

Stands Scotland?

SIX new patriotic songs have been yielded by this war so far, and five of them, the five that the B.B.C. puts on the air on every possible occasion, seem to suggest that ENGLAND alone is at war. Apparently Scotland has nothing to do with it.

And the B.B.C. persists in giving us music-and-drama programmes of the "For Ever England" type. Always "England." What's wrong with the word "Britain"?—E. McP., Edinburgh.

We try to use "Britain" when we mean the country as a whole, but we

Saving His Bacon!

TOWNSPEOPLE know more about pigs than you'd guess. A pig fell into a ditch in this village and was taken out of the water apparently dead.

Countryfolk decided that nothing could be done about it, but a lad evacuated from the city immediately set to work, and by means of the Schafer method of artificial respiration succeeded in reviving the animal.—F. N., Diss, Norfolk.

trip occasionally. Last culprit was a Scots member of the staff! Scores of readers in Scotland asked us to rap the knuckles of the wicked Sassenach! We have even been taken to task over quoting "Come the three corners of the world." Yet we can't fiddle about with Shakespeare!

Lost Generation

CALL up the men of 38 to 40 *at once*.

They missed serving in the last war, and under the present system they will miss this war, too.

We are going to find ourselves living in a country in which everybody has done his "bit" except the men privileged to have been born in the years 1899-1901.—C. B. O., Welen, Dulverton, Somerset.

According to psychologists, who call men of this age "The Lost Generation," these fellows were the biggest sufferers from the last war.

Washed In Petrol

ACCEPTED my meagre petrol ration quite cheerfully until a friend in a mechanised Army unit described how this valuable fuel was used in the lorry-park for washing vehicles.—F. Blacklock, Westfield Lane, Baldslow, Sussex.

From several sources we have received complaints about 10-ton Army lorries being allowed to "turn over" for hours every day without being moved.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published and an extra* 10s. 6d. *if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Correcting Experts

By "Poolex"

THE "Form and Reliability" Guide that I introduced recently to help punters is already proving worth while. By comparing results with the predictions of newspaper experts I am able to classify the teams according to the way they follow form.

If a team produces the result expected, win, lose or draw, I can class that team as "dependable." There are some teams playing better than expected, others playing below their expected form. These, also, can be classified.

And there are "coupon wreckers," playing above form one week, then below form, and then perhaps playing an odd game according "to the book." These clubs are classed as "erratic."

A few minutes' study of these lists before you start marking your coupon will help you to decide which of your forecasts should follow the predictions.

When two dependable teams are playing each other, the chances are that experts will be right. In the first week of "war-time" pools there were ten games of this type. Eight of them ended as expected. There was only one real "surprise."

Of the twenty-two games in which teams came from the "erratic" class, fourteen produced unexpected results.

A dependable team may go off form for a while, or an erratic team may settle down to steady football. I am watching this, and my analysis will vary accordingly. In this week's guide there are a number of changes

Dependable Teams.

Strong.	*Medium.*	*Weak.*
Arsenal.	Brentford.	Burnley.
Blackpool.	Brighton.	Carlisle.
Bradford C.	Coventry.	Crewe.
Cowdenb'th.	Darlington.	Hartlepools.
Falkirk.	Leicester.	King's Park.
Glasgow R.	Luton.	Mansfield.
Grimsby.	Man. U.	N. Brighton.
Hearts.	Motherwell.	Raith R.
Leeds.	Nott'm F.	Rochdale.
Plymouth.	Port Vale.	S'thampton.
Reading.	Queen's Pk.	Southport.
Sheffield U.	Third Lan'k.	Stockport.
Wolves.	Tottenham.	Torquay.
		Tranmere.
		Walsall.

Teams Playing Better than Expected.

Aldershot, Alloa, Ayr, Bournemouth, Bradford, Bristol R., Bury, Chester, Chesterfield, Clapton O., Doncaster, Dunfermline, Dundee U., Hamilton, Morton, Newport, Norwich, Northampton, Oldham, Preston N.E., Queen of South, Rotherham, St. Bernards, St. Mirren, Southend, Stenhousemuir, Swindon, York.

Teams Playing Worse than Expected.

Aberdeen, Arbroath, Blackburn, Bristol C., Bolton, Celtic, Clyde, Crystal P., Fulham, Halifax, Hibernian, Hull, Lincoln, Manchester C., Middlesbrough, Millwall, Partick, Portsmouth, Sheffield Wed., St. Johnstone, Swansea, W.B.A.

Erratic Teams.

Accrington, Airdrie, Albion R., Barnsley, Barrow, Birmingham, Cardiff, Charlton, Chelsea, Dumbarton, Dundee, East Fife, Everton, Huddersfield, Kilmarnock, Liverpool, Newcastle, Notts Co., Q.P.R., Stoke, Watford, West Ham, Wrexham.

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Delicious JAM ROLY-POLY

8 oz. plain flour — 4 oz. suet
½ teaspoon salt — Cold water to mix
1 rounded teaspoon Borwick's

Shred suet finely. Add flour, salt and Borwick's. Mix to dough with water. Roll out oblong. Spread with jam, leaving edges clear. Damp edges and roll up. Put in floured cloth, tie at each end. Drop in boiling water and boil 2 hours.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

and plain flour is cheapest

IF IT'S CHOCOLATE THEN IT'S FOOD

There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every ½ lb. block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.

CADBURY'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
'feeds you on your feet'

ENJOY WAR'FARE'

BREAKFAST WITH MY FRUITY FLAVOUR

SAYS Master Okay —the Saucy Boy.

If the supply of breakfast bacon is limited, there's unlimited enjoyment in it with a dash of O.K. sauce. This delicious, truly fruity sauce adds a keen relish to the dullest fare. O.K. sauce is a delightful combination of healthful fruits which is both good for and enjoyed by children.

Prices as usual.

At all good Stores.

MASON'S O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

RHEUMATIC PAIN ENDED

FOR 2d

ALSO HEADACHES NERVE PAINS LUMBAGO COLDS AND CHILLS

HERE'S your passport to RELIEF! Here's the "magic" to end your Rheumatic Agony! *And the cost is only 2d!* Those sharp jabs in the Muscles, those twinges in the Joints, that stiffness, that crippling agony of inflamed Nerves—2d brings you ease, comfort and FREEDOM! *Beechams Powders* are daily freeing thousands from suffering. They cost only 2d each but the relief they bring is BEYOND PRICE! *They also help to clear the Uric Acid from your system!* Get YOUR supply IMMEDIATELY!

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

ACT LIKE MAGIC!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

FOR YOUR THROAT

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES
FROM CHEMISTS ONLY, 8½d. & 1/4

CATARRH & HEAD COLDS

Warm penetrating smoke from the very first Doctor Blosser Medical Cigarette helps loosen nasal congestion . . . relieves that terrible stopped-up feeling in the head. Prove it yourself. Ask any chemist for a 2/6 package of standard strength or extra strong . . . Or write for

FREE Sample Cigarettes

DR. BLOSSER LTD., (Dept. 121 W.T.) TEMPLE CHAMBERS, TEMPLE AVE., E.C.4.
Send me Free Sample Cigarettes.

Name .....

Address .....

DR. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

Now a veteran fighter, Ruby Robert, the battling blacksmith, is eager not only to win back the heavyweight championship, but also to beat a—

BOXING HOODOO!

Fitz was not half so distressed as he pretended to be...

OUTSIDE on the dark and lonely beach the surf boomed thunderously. This and the efforts of Robert Fitzsimmons, masticating his way somewhat noisily through a huge meal of ham and eggs, were the only sounds to disturb the midnight peace.

Seated around the table, his wife, Rose, and their two boys, Bobby and Martin, watched him in anxious silence.

The Battling Blacksmith had not long returned from the Coney Island arena, where a few hours previously he had lost his world champion title to Big Jim Jeffries, the Los Angeles boiler-maker.

His face showed no sign of the terrible blows with which the young giant had battered him insensible. Already his mercurial spirits were rising fast.

"I ain't finished. Not by a long way," he said huskily. "They'll 'ave ter give me another chance. And I'll lick 'im next time."

He stabbed with his knife in the direction of his wife.

"Mark my words, Rose," he went on. "Yer old man will be champion again before long."

A few years before Jeffries had been in Fitzsimmons's own camp, useful only because of his tough and rugged physique, and the lanky Cornishman found it difficult to look on his ex-punchbag as champion.

A few months later the ex-blacksmith began fighting his way into the front rank of those clamouring for a tilt at Jeffries, scoring such convincing victories that those who had scoffed at the idea of an old man making good were swiftly silenced.

Ruby Robert's fortieth birthday was not far off, but his odd physique camouflaged such amazing reserves of energy that he was able to accomplish the astonishing feat of knocking out Jim Daly, Ed. Dunkhorst, Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey in an aggregate of ten rounds!

Ruhlin, ten years younger than Fitz, a big, tough American scrapper with a tearaway style, lasted longest against the hammer-fisted veteran.

Three years previously, a raw and inexperienced novice, Ruhlin had been good enough to hold Jeffries to a twenty-round draw, and his supporters, including "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, loudly boasted that he would make short work of old Fitz.

CERTAINLY he had every possible advantage—youth, height, weight and reach—and the shrewd advice of Corbett, kneeling in his corner on the night of the fight, hoping to see the defeat of the man who had robbed him of the title three years before.

From the very first minute it seemed that Bob's critics had been right. Fighting with blazing, youthful vigour, Ruhlin had Fitz reeling and staggering helplessly about the ring under a merciless hail of blows.

The old gladiator seemed unable to defend himself. He retreated flat-footed and gasping for breath while Ruhlin ripped in savage punches.

After five rounds of one-sided slaughter Bob looked as though he had been in a street accident, while Ruhlin, who had scarcely felt the weight of his opponent's gloves, was as fresh as a daisy.

Corbett, gloating over his conqueror's plight, kept up a running fire of comment.

"Into him, Gus!

"Left hook, Gus. He can't hurt you."

"How do you like it, Bob?"

"You won't last long now, Fitz."

Only by slight narrowing of his beady eyes did Fitzsimmons betray that he heard these cruel jibes, but when he slumped on to his stool at the end of the fifth session it seemed that the end was near.

With blood flowing from his gashed mouth and his shoulders drooping wearily, he looked pathetic.

Corbett urged Ruhlin to finish him as rapidly as possible.

He slapped the young Yankee between the shoulders.

"Put the old man away this round, Gus," he shouted loud enough for Bob to hear, and Ruhlin, full of confidence, came tearing out of his corner with this intention.

Fitz, wily old fox, was not half so distressed as he appeared, and now, as Ruhlin jumped forward, he started a right swing at his young opponent's head.

The American, seeing it coming, threw up his guard, and in that same split second Fitz introduced his famous and deadly shift.

His right glove ceased to travel in the direction of Ruhlin's head, and, as his left foot and shoulder swung forward, his left fist smashed deep into the youngster's stomach muscles.

RUHLIN'S face turned green as he took that murderous punch, and the breath was driven from his body in a sharp gasp of agony. Then he dropped, rolled over on his back, and lay like a dead man.

Toppling over the men who stood between him and Jeffries, Fitzsimmons hammered his way to another clash with the champion.

They fought it out at San Francisco on July 25, 1902.

Ruby Robert was then forty, but, for all that, he came nearer regaining a lost world championship than any heavyweight before or since.

Jeffries, a strange, taciturn personality, looked little like a champion when he squeezed his tremendous bulk between the ropes.

Having spent a quarter of an hour warming up in his dressing-room, Fitz was in great shape, and he began as though he, and not Jeffries, had youth and all it meant on his side.

He came out like a bullet from a gun and was jabbing a succession of lightning lefts and rights to Jim's head before the champion had a chance to get into his stride.

Fighting with the speed and vigour of a youngster half his age, old Fitz maintained this savage attack through seven whirlwind rounds. Few men have ever taken more punishment than Jeff did that day.

Long before the fight was over his face was in such a ghastly mess that the ringsiders were whispering that Bob must have stuffed plaster of Paris under his bandages.

Round after round he hammered away at his massive opponent until the bones of his hands crumbled like chalk inside his gloves, and he could punch no more.

IN the eighth the champion, whose colossal strength and powers of endurance had saved him, at last found an opening for that terrible right with which he had finished Fitzsimmons at their first meeting.

He drove it hard into Fitz's stomach, and, as the Cornishman swayed, he clipped him on the chin to make doubly sure.

Another minute and old Ruby Robert might have achieved undying fame as the first and only champion to smash that old hoodoo of the ring and regain his lost title, for as Jeffries turned away his eyes went, and he had to be led, almost blind, to his corner.

For twelve years after this Bob Fitzsimmons continued to fight at intervals for a living, but, except for the victory over George Gardner in 1903 that made him world champion in the newly created light heavy-weight division, he did little of note.

The last time I was in Helston I saw the plaque the inhabitants of the little Cornish town have inscribed to his memory.

That would have pleased old Ruby Robert. I can picture him cocking his bald head on one side and huskily voicing what for him was the height of appreciation.

"Nice, ain't it?" he'd have said.

NEXT WEEK: The Fighting Gipsy.

A. W. Helliwell

continues "Giants of the Ring"

Skin Eruptions

CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS

Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic Eczema that makes your life a misery with its maddening itching day and night—Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied all your efforts to heal them—They all begin to mend at the first application of Cuticura Ointment. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish after one or two applications. Eczema of years' standing has been completely extinguished with a single tin of this amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing, purifying ingredients sink to the depths of the eruption and eradicate the poisons that cause all the irritation and inflammation. For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks and injuries—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable and handy than this unfailing healer.

THIS WRITER PROVED IT

"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with red, sore pimples which were exceedingly painful and embarrassing. After trying various things without success, I started with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and very soon my skin was perfectly clear." (Signed) L. R. W. Edwards, 28, Myrtle Villa, Swilly, Plymouth.

Why not let Cuticura heal you? Buy a tin to-day!

111

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

"AN ACTRESS MUST NEVER CATCH COLD"

Pamela Stanley, star of "Victoria Regina," says:

"I always have a bottle of Vick-Vatronol on my dressing-table at the theatre and at home, too. I have never had to miss a performance through loss of voice or a cold."

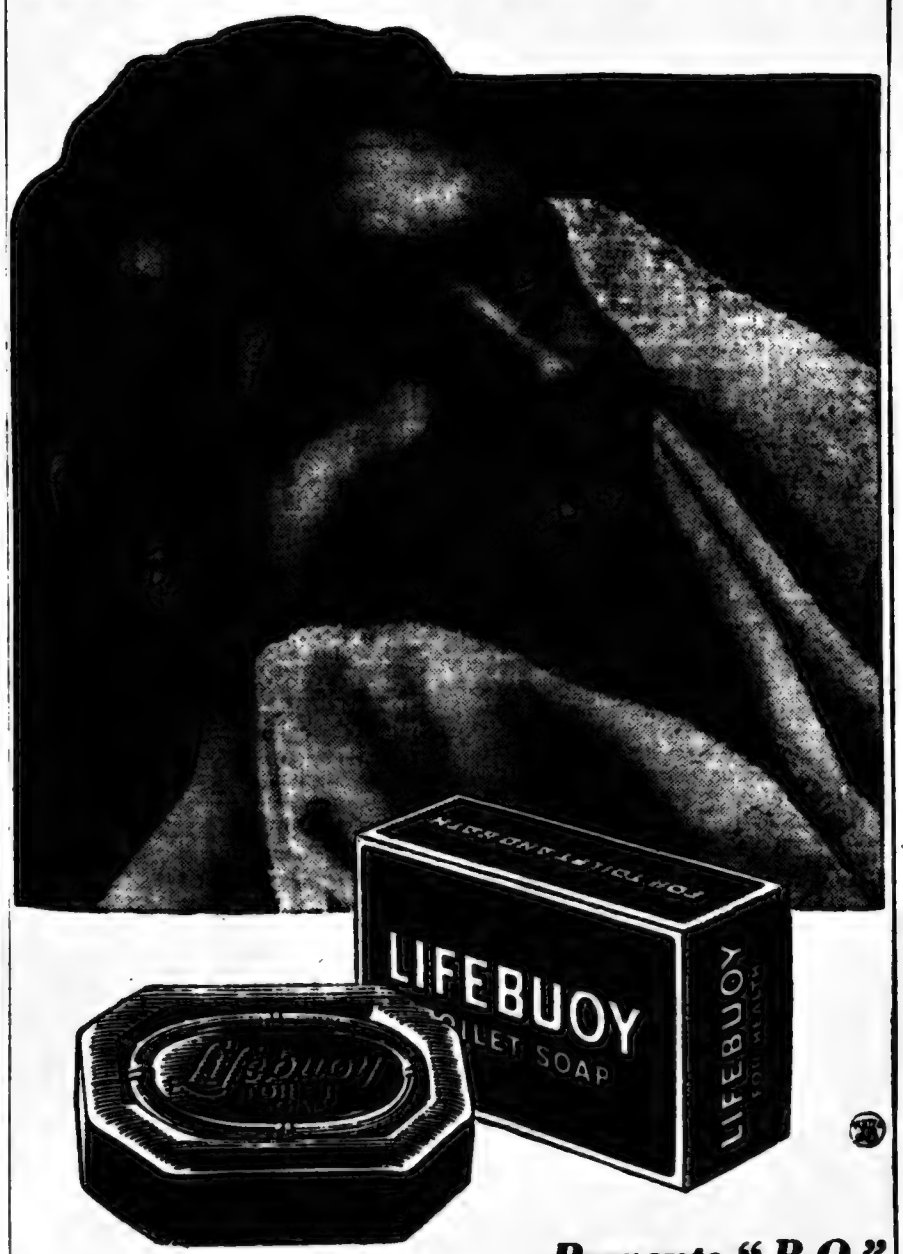
Scientific tests by doctors prove that you, too, can escape many colds entirely—just a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze. Wonderful, too, when your head is stuffed up by a head-cold or catarrh.

At Chemists, 2/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick," 210, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

VICK-VATRONOL BRAND NASAL MEDICAMENT

EASE TICKLING THROAT SUCK A ZUBE 3d. & 6d. in flat tins

In strenuous days like these there's nothing more REFRESHING and INVIGORATING than that regular bath with LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP



Prevents "B.O."

A LEVER PRODUCT

LBT 463-66-68

There's a tip-top reason why..

Manikins are best

MANIKIN Cigars are rolled from the delicate tip leaves of tobacco—too small for bigger cigars yet actually the sweetest of all. That's why Manikins are always so mild and soothing.

Off duty ..make it a Manikin

5 for 1'-

Metal Pocket Case 15 for 3/-

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD. • ESTABLISHED 1839

Coughing MADE HER GASP for AIR

Mrs. E. S., of Warrington writes: *Famel ends terrible cough*

"I have had a terrible cough for nearly three years. The doctor told me it might go when baby was born, but she is now two years old, and the cold went worse instead of better. I didn't know what it was to have a good sleep, couldn't walk for gasping for air. I went so thin, I was a perfect wreck, gradually growing worse and worse. Then I tried this wonderful remedy. I only got a small size, but after the bottle I could lie down for a good night's sleep. It has been a godsend to me, getting to know this Famel Syrup. It is bucking me up wonderfully—I would never have believed I could have felt so well so quickly. I am telling everyone I meet and will keep on doing so."

* * *

Plain, ordinary coughs, "hangovers" from 'flu, or bronchitis, in fact any respiratory complication — all meet the same rapid end when you take Famel Syrup. This is proved by thousands of unsolicited statements from Famel users all over the world.

For famel is not "just another cough mixture." It is the only cough medicine containing soluble lacto-creosote—a wonderful curative agent that has the power to penetrate into the bloodstream and destroy the dangerous cough-producing germs that thrive there. In addition, Famel contains soothing balms that ease the inflamed membranes, and valuable restoratives that help to build up your much-needed powers of resistance against infection.

Whether you're a chronic sufferer from a persistent cough, or have just a "touch of the throat"—you need Famel NOW! And with winter coming on, it's a wise precaution to keep a bottle in the home—it's your surest protection against throat and lung ailments of all kinds.

At all chemists 1/6 and 3/- (Triple quantity)

OPTREX LTD., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

FAMEL SYRUP Conquers Coughs

Mystery Man of the Cliffs

IT puzzled me for two years, but I know the answer now—or at least part of the answer. Still, I'm jumping ahead.

If you are going to appreciate my story, I must ask you to come back with me to that sultry Cornish summer of 1937, when I dumped my rucksack at a little inn on the road to St. Ives.

Tired by a long day's tramping, I decided to spend the evening in the bar parlour, gossiping with the fishermen and exploring the prospects of hiring a boat for the rest of my holiday.

I soon forgot about that, for the conversation took a line which captured my imagination, even though I feared it was mostly all speculation.

Old Joe, back from two days at sea in his sturdy lugger, was holding the floor.

"I tell yes, I've seen 'em again," he said. "Three of 'em prowling up and down the coast off the Clodgy headland without lights. Yes, I know, Alf, you say they're poaching fish, and there's others that's just as certain they're doing a bit of smuggling—and I know smuggling ain't dead in Cornwall, not by a long way.

"I did a bit myself when I was a lad and hadn't better sense. But no poacher and no smuggler I've ever seen goes on the way those fellows do, sneaking up in shore, then running out again before they've had time to land anything, or dump it with a buoy.

"They've got more on their minds than a haul of fish or a bale or two of silk, or I'm a farmer . . ."

Everybody nodded thoughtfully.

"What about that chap that's always driving up here late at night to go nosing round the old mines," young Harry, the tin miner, broke in. "Seen him once myself.

"Round about midnight it was. I'd been over to see Sam Bent . . ."

"You mean Sam Bent's sister."

"I mean Sam Bent, and as I was coming back past the big rock, there was this chap leaning in the shadow, staring out to sea. There was a moon up, and I got a good look at him. Quite a toff he seemed. Now what was he up to?"

"The haggard hawk-face with the hooded eyes. The mystery man who prowled the cliffs"

Reader Alan Robinson,

of Tudor Road, Leicester, claims the five guineas offered for the week's best True-Life Story of the War. Send the story of your war time adventure to "John Bull." A thousand words may be worth five guineas.

"Signalling them boats, I'll bet," said Joe. "And they do say down at St. Ives there's some foreign big pot, one of them that we're always reading about in the papers, stays there for days at a time."

And so the talk went on until at last "Time, gentlemen, please."

I stepped out of the inn door with the others, just for a breath of air, and stood talking to young Harry. Some of the other men were standing in the road.

That was why the car, a chauffeur-driven limousine with a reading light on in the back, had to slow down and pass almost at walking pace.

Harry nudged me sharply.

"That's him," he said, "that's him—that foreign chap that wanders round the mines at night. Told you he was a toff, didn't I? Wonder what he's up to to-night?"

The man in the car was busy with some papers from a brief-case, and all I could see was his profile, but there was something familiar about that pale, hawk face with the heavy lines round the mouth and the hooded eyes.

I'd seen him before somewhere. Yes, I had seen him before. But where? For a moment I had a name that fitted him on the tip of my tongue. I racked my memory.

With so many new things to do, so many new places to explore, I forgot the mystery man in the car until the last night of my holiday.

Old Joe and his sons were out in their boat. Young Harry was off courting Sam Bent's sister. There was only an ancient farm labourer in the parlour, and he so deaf it was impossible to maintain a conversation.

I GOT my torch and decided to walk along the headland to where the sloping heather and tough grass that reached almost to the water's edge gave way to clear-cut, jagged cliffs.

I had gone perhaps half a mile when I heard someone stumbling towards me. The path was narrow and lined with heavy boulders, so I stood and waited.

The man—I could tell it was a man from his footsteps—was abreast of me when he tripped and staggered. At once I switched on my torch, put out a hand and steadied him.

Then I saw his face . . . the haggard hawk-face with the hooded eyes. The mystery man in the car! The mystery man who prowled the cliffs at night!

With a muttered guttural "Thank you," he hurried on.

All the talk in the inn, all the vague memories of having seen that face somewhere, sometime in the past, came flooding back. Instead of going on to the cliffs, I sat down beneath a rock, my head buzzing with conjectures.

I SAT staring out to sea as alert as any coastguard, every sense tingling with tension and a kind of premonition that something was going to happen.

It happened.

A faint clink from below me.

I sprang to my feet and shone the torch. In its beam was a young man in sailor's cap and rough pea-jacket, crouching like a runner on his mark.

He must have heard me sit down under the rock and not wanted to move.

But he moved when the torchlight picked him out. He was off down the slope towards the sea like a rabbit.

That was that. Then something prompted me to go along the sands looking for footprints.

There they were, deep and blurred, the footprints of a running man—and they led straight out to sea!

As I peered at them, a wave of the turning tide licked up and began to smooth them away. And from far out came a sound, a faint sound, like the splash of muffled oars.

I suppose I should have gone to the police.

But when I returned to the inn parlour, with its lights and cheerful landlord, I did not say a word for fear that I should be thought a fool.

FOR two years the mystery of that night puzzled me. Who was the hawk-faced man with the hooded eyes?

I received an answer to part of the riddle only a few weeks ago, just after the outbreak of war. It was a newspaper interview describing the closing of the German Embassy in London, and giving an interview with a man who had been employed as a chauffeur.

"When Herr von Ribbentrop was German Ambassador here two years ago I often used to take him on mysterious night drives to Cornwall and the West of England," he said.

I looked at the accompanying picture.

Of course—the man with the hawk-face and the hooded eyes.

Could Von Ribbentrop have been the mystery man of the cliffs?

Race with "Silver Ring"

JUDGING by the despondent comments I have heard, racing is not likely to recover from the blow received when the Aga Khan decided to sell his yearlings at the Newmarket Sales.

But the Sport of Kings is far and away greater than any one—or any dozen—of its most influential patrons.

When wealthy owners drop out of the game, others take their places. The ranks are always full.

In twenty years the Aga Khan has established a stud that may be the most valuable in the world. He spent money lavishly, but he has had a lavish return. I doubt whether the money could have been better invested.

Also, he has enjoyed the pleasures attached to racing successes. Many millionaires would give a big slice of their fortunes for the satisfaction of leading in a Derby winner. The Aga Khan has had this sweet task on three occasions.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 30, to Wednesday, December 6.

U X Z R 93 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P
Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96893 would read LATOL.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. EJ2WK would read ACCRA.

Burning pain means ACID STOMACH

An excess of digestive acid is at the root of most stomach upsets, especially burning pain after eating, heartburn, flatulence and palpitation. Whenever you get an attack of this kind it is well to remember the famous powder which is daily relieving thousands of stomach sufferers.

The special advantage of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is that it is more than an antacid. While neutralising the superfluous acid, it also stimulates the flow of natural juices, protects the stomach wall against inflammation and gently cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated waste.

Unless this fourfold action is assured your stomach cannot benefit permanently from treatment. That is why you should make doubly sure that the powder you buy is MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Many substitutes look similar—but they do not bear the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle, tin and cartons. *Insist on seeing this signature.* Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Economy Pocket Tin (25 Tablets) 9d., also popular 6d. tin (12 Tablets).

Columbia
EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE RECORDS

Get this New Record—It will become a Classic of War-Time Humour

THE **WESTERN BROTHERS**

introducing you to

Lord Haw-Haw of Zeesen

The whole world (or most of it) is laughing at Lord Haw-Haw, and here he is done to a turn by that inimitable pair who know how to keep everyone, in or out of the old school, tied up with laughter.

Lord Haw-Haw of Zeesen
Bad Show, Chaps — DB 1883 — 3/-

He's Always Good News!

He Plays to London's Smartest Dance Crowd

GERALDO

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Have a gala night at home with these latest hits by Geraldo, the popular maestro who plays to a crowd of fashionable dancers every night at the Savoy.

Wish Me Luck (From film "Shipyard Sally") / Bon Voyage, Cherie (Fox Trot) — FB 2304 — 2/-

How Ashamed I was (Comedy Fox Trot) / We Must All Stick Together (Quick Step) — FB 2305 — 2/-

STANLEY **HOLLOWAY**

You'll laugh at
SAM'S XMAS PUDDING
and on the other side RECUMBENT POSTURE

When the doctor said the medicine must be taken in a "recumbent posture" young Albert's parents set out to buy one

Sam's Xmas Pudding / Recumbent Posture — DX 948 — 4/-

The Lion and Albert / Three Ha-pence a Foot — DX 353 — 4/-

Sam's Medal / Many Happy Returns — DX 474 — 4/-

Albert Comes Back / Marksman Sam — DX 650 — 4/-

SYDNEY **LIPTON**

And His
GROSVENOR HOUSE DANCE ORCHESTRA

The Girl Who Loves a Soldier (Fox Trot) (From "The Little Dog Laughed") / Wings Over the Navy (QuickStep) — FB 2306 — 2/-

Adolf (6/8 One Step) / Kiss Me Goodnight Sergeant Major (Quick Step) — FB 2307 — 2/-

The Siegfried Line / Run, Rabbit, Run — FB 2290 — 2/-

In the middle of a Dream / Go Fly a Kite — FB 2298 — 2/-

"IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN"

TOMMY **HANDLEY**

At his Funniest
in his Great Radio Success

Introduces items in person. The Rt. Hon. The Minister of Aggravation & Mysteries. Fuzz of course gets on the 'phone with one of his dreadful warnings.

It's that Man Again / Tomsky the Great Counter Spy — FB 2303 — 2/-

MANTOVANI

and his Orchestra

Yours for a Song / Love Never Grows Old — FB 2296 — 2/-

Boomps-a-Daisy / The Yankee Doodal — FB 2243 — 2/-

Angels Never Leave Heaven / Over and Done With — FB 2286 — 2/-

If you have no Radiogram—
Play records through your Radio Set

WITH THE NEW ALL-ELECTRIC

COLUMBIA RECORD PLAYER

Just plug in to the pick-up sockets in your radio set and to the A.C. mains, and it's ready to play. Plays 10" or 12" records with the lid closed. Automatic start and stop.

SEE IT AT YOUR DEALER'S **59/6** FOR A.C. MAINS ONLY

GIVE RECORD TOKENS

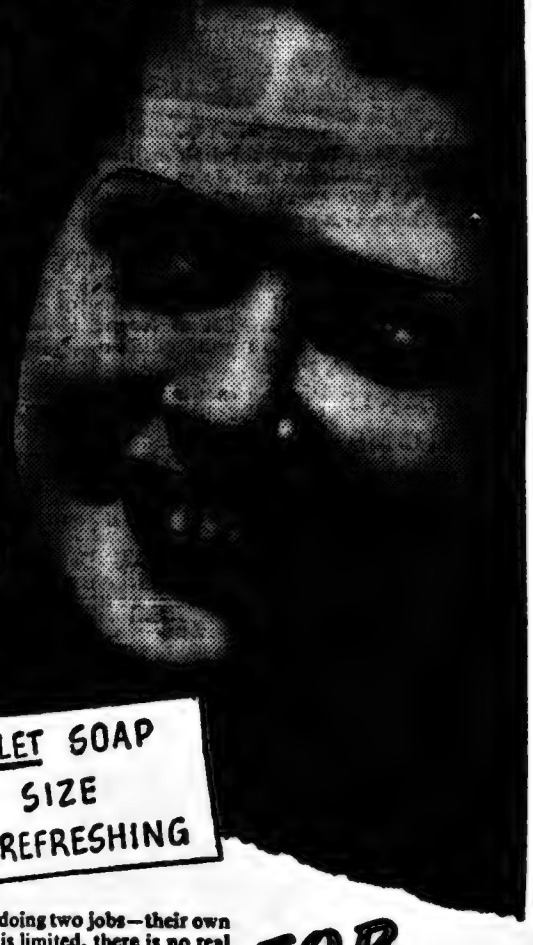
Post a Record Token to your friend. He chooses the records he likes best at his own dealer's. Tokens from 3/3 with an attractive Greetings Card.

GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER NOW

Columbia Graphophone Company Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex

THERE'S NO NEED TO USE KITCHEN SOAP FOR YOUR SKIN

-you can still get EVE



A REAL TOILET SOAP
HANDY SIZE
FRAGRANT & REFRESHING

Even now, when most women are doing two jobs—their own and National Service—and time is limited, there is no real reason for neglecting one's looks. And if you seize the first piece of kitchen soap you can lay your hands on to use for your face, you *are* neglecting your looks. Kitchen soap, any old soap, won't keep your skin soft and smooth, because it's not made for such a delicate job. But Eve Toilet Soap *is*. It's specially made to keep your complexion youthfully lovely. And as it STILL costs only 2d for a fragrant white tablet, is there any real reason why *you* shouldn't use it to make your skin lovely?

EVE TOILET SOAP

FOR ONLY 2d.

EVE 113-172-55 JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

TO REMOVE HAIR

Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

Amazing new discovery! A dainty, white fragrant cream. Apply it straight from the tube. Wash off with plain water. Every trace of hair is gone! Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet. No stubble like the razor leaves. No coarse regrowth. Sold everywhere under Trademark New "VEET." Razors only make hair grow faster and coarser. The quick, easy pleasant way to end your superfluous hair troubles for ever is with New "VEET." At all chemists, hairdressers and stores. 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d.). Successful results guaranteed with New "VEET" or money refunded.

Make this **3 MINUTE TEST**

Rough, red hands?

Snowfire Tablet

HEALS THEM BY MORNING

3d ... 6d & 7½d ... 3d

PENSION Cash and FINAL XMAS DINNERS!

42 PENSIONERS ALREADY—WHO'S NEXT?

25/- WEEKLY for LIFE

1ST PRIZE - or £300 CASH

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

Your ONE Last Opportunity!

First Runners-up will share Cash and Xmas Hampers, Turkeys or Fowls to total value of

£200

FORGET Old Man Worry for half an hour and tackle the entertaining little problems in "John Bull's" Crossword this week.

As many as 42 Life Pensions have already been won by Crossworders, and there is no reason why YOU should not be Pensioner No. 43.

This is your ONE LAST OPPORTUNITY to win a "John Bull" Christmas Dinner—and in aiming at a big Hamper for December 25 you may well capture an income for life instead!

N.B.—For this FINAL OFFER of Xmas Feasts see that your Christmas Day address is on your coupon. Time precludes any diversion of Christmas Prizes.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 180th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, December 21. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL, in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd.; and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, December 9, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding property indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, December 21. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

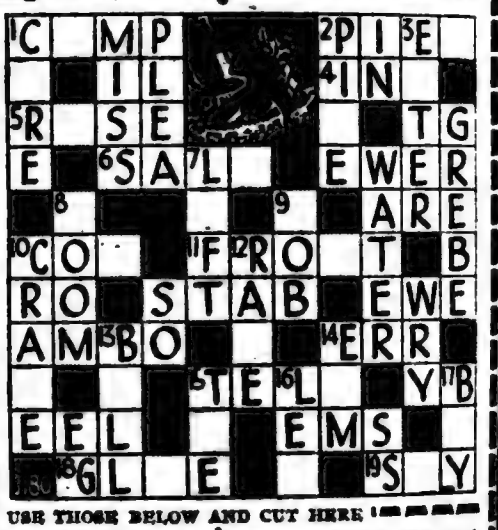
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

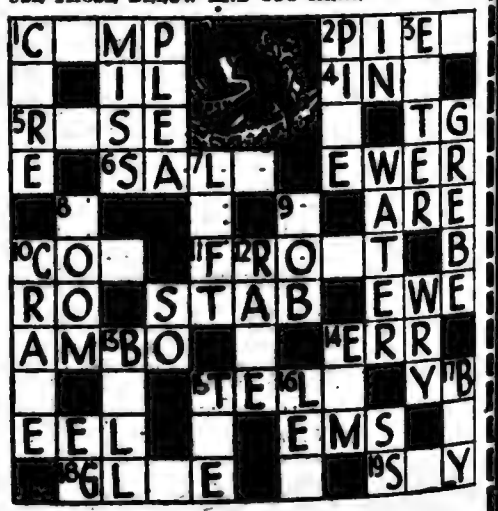
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 180. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9



IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



GREAT 6-IN-1 XMAS PRIZE FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for this week's Great New 6-in-1 First Prize Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Place where troops live in tents
2. Can sometimes be bought quite cheaply when one's in market
4. Tavern
5. Girl's name may possibly be given as
6. There are people who would find the record of an old one full of interest
10. One may find it very difficult to get shell off
11. General's plans sometimes rely on this holding
15. Relate
18. Cabinet may be joined with
19. Man who's this cannot be sincere with friends

DOWN CLUES

1. May in some cases give one pip
2. Some people would really get a thrill playing one
3. Go into
7. Baggage may sometimes be taken up in this to save hotel guest trouble
8. For business to expand rapidly you really need this
9. Ranting firebrand won't find it easy to hold big one for long time
10. One for lifting things is often in evidence in dock
12. With some men the slightest outburst of temper is this
13. Good shot will frequently fill this
14. Tree in Chelmsford
15. It's very often a painful business when one is broken
16. In harbour, mooring place for sailing ships may be to this
17. A good one will help poor mother economise

BIG XMAS OFFER NEXT WEEK!

CASH AND 129 XMAS DINNERS

WON IN CROSSWORD No. 177.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 177, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following 15 competitors:—

J. W. BENNETT, Bent Farm, Astley, Manchester; Mrs. K. BEVIS, 75, West Way, Broadway, Worcs; A. BRADLEY, 10, Manchester Rd., Worsley-cum-Hindsley; J. L. BROOKS, 152, Park Hill, Northampton; Mrs. V. BROWNE, 289, Wrexham Rd., Shrewsbury, Norwich; E. CLARKE, 78, Downs Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent; G. H. A. EAMES, 8, Well St., Ryde, I.-O.-W.; J. G. FINDLAY, 126, Compton Rd., Wallington, Surrey; J. MACDONALD, Edinburgh, Scotland; L. D. MILLS, 27, Chapel St., Newport, I.-O.-W.; J. J. PLUMMER, 9, Sherbourne Terr., Leamington Spa; H. ROBERTS, 58, Chesterfield Rd., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham; Miss B. SMITH, 9, Parkside Rd., Ecclesall; F. WATERHOUSE, 64, Anlaby St., Sheffield; Mrs. H. Webb, 30, Alexander Rd., Tongo Park, Bolton.

These competitors share the First Prize of £325, and a cheque for £21 13s. 8d. will be sent to each.

The Award of £150 in Cash and Christmas Feasts to Runners-up has been divided between 129 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive Cash and Christmas Feast to the value of £1 3s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 323 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

X-WORD AID POST FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 180, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Puzzle Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 180, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at the rate of 2d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

Name .....

Address.....

.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

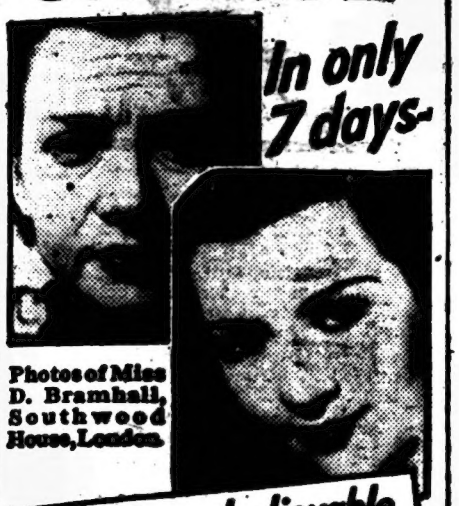
.....

.....

12 .....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

THIS AMAZING CHANGE



In only 7 days-

Photos of Miss D. Bramhall, Southwood House, London.

It looks unbelievable but-TRY IT YOURSELF!

In one short week! Thousands of delighted women have got rid of wrinkles—made themselves look years younger. Feed back to the skin its own precious natural youth element—"Biocel" and the skin quickly becomes fresh and young. "Biocel" is the amazing discovery of a famous University Professor. It is now contained in Crème Tokalon, Rose Colour. Applied every night, it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. Use Crème Tokalon White Colour in the morning. It dissolves away blackheads, tightens enlarged pores, makes the darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth in a few days.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing new Tokalon Skinfood Creams—Rose for the night, White for the day. It also contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of latest Paris shades. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422W), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

"Are YOU Asthmatic?" Send for FREE BOOKLET

It gives to all readers useful information as to diet, hints on health, and the correct treatment in all cases of

ASTHMA OR BRONCHITIS

Learn how the most stubborn cases of these distressing complaints can be overcome and Instant Relief from paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation and frantic struggles for breath can be yours immediately you inhale the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure. You can enjoy life, go about your usual daily work and obtain restful and refreshing sleep, which is so essential to maintaining your strength. Don't hesitate—read the Booklet, then go straight to your chemist for a tin of Potter's. Thousands of sufferers testify each year to the miraculous benefits they have received from it. Even Doctors recommend it after other so-called remedies have failed. There is nothing harmful in Potter's Asthma Cure—just put a little in a saucer, ignite it and inhale. Soon a wonderful, soothing and calming influence will be exerted and you will feel easier and more comfortable. It does not cause headache and cannot injure the health in any way. In fact, it is the most reliable remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chronic Colds and Coughs, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup and all other bronchial diseases of adults and children. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free at 1/9.

POST COUPON FOR BOOKLET

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

Name.....

Address.....

"John Bull"

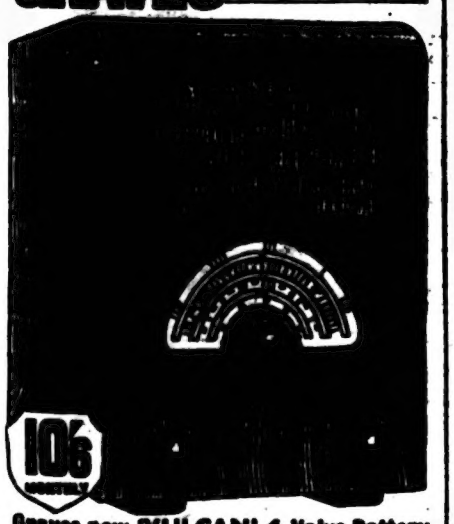
All outdoor workers who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Obtainable everywhere.

Not day-after-day—but 'ONE-DAY' is enough to BANISH CONSTIPATION

Don't become a slave to daily dosing. Take Feen-a-mint and banish constipation the modern *safe* way. Millions of people who took harsh drugs and laxatives *every day* have changed to Feen-a-mint, the occasional, natural laxative. They find it puts them right first time—tunes up the system at once to normal regularity.

But that's not all: Feen-a-mint is simple and pleasant to take—kiddies love it—and it has no unpleasant after-effects. It's like magic, the way you feel fit so *soon* after taking Feen-a-mint. Headaches and stomach troubles disappear. Your eyes sparkle and you feel full of vitality. Your complexion clears and you feel years younger. It all happens so quickly. Don't delay trying Feen-a-mint. Get a package today! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Graves new 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery

THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET

Makes you entirely independent of Electric Service Mains, is wonderfully efficient, powerful, highly selective and trouble-free; operates anywhere, any time, either inside your house or outside; crystal clear & faithful in reproduction, reliable in performance, with full range of reception from short, medium and long-wave stations. Only the most dependable components are used in the construction of this magnificent full size Walnut Set, which is backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, and delivered Carriage Paid and complete in all respects, including Batteries, Valves, full Aerial equipment, and detailed instructions. Nothing else to buy. Offered on the most beneficial Easy Payments without any extra charge. Terms 10/6 Monthly **£7:18:0**

WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and full specification of the latest A.C. Mains & Battery Sets Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS SOLD AT 6d., 1/3 AND 3/-

70 YEARS REPUTATION
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

PILES Are Wonderfully Relieved by Zam-Buk

"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again." Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and soon be on the way to a cure. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

For Inward PILES — *In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.*

SOLID ZAM-BUK

"What! No walkies to-night?" says Pip

WHAT about your dog? Is he a 'plus' dog? It's up to you. The black-outs mean seriously restricted exercise. War-rationing will inevitably bring about an ill-balanced diet. These two factors will lower your dog's condition unless you take *immediate steps to keep his blood pure.*

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders will rid your dog's blood of the toxic impurities set up by loss of exercise and faulty feeding. One Bob Martin's once a day will make your dog a 'plus' dog by maintaining a rich, *pure* blood supply. He will be fit, happy and high-spirited. Start conditioning now—such a small price to pay for his invaluable companionship. *From all chemists and dog-food shops, 6d for packet of 9 and 1/- for carton of 21 powders.*

FREE BOOKLET Your problems of dog management are all solved in "How to care for Your Dog in Wartime." Free on application to Bob Martin Ltd., 40E Union St., Southport, Lancs.

Bob Martin's

ARMY CLUBLETS

OLD TIMER OR

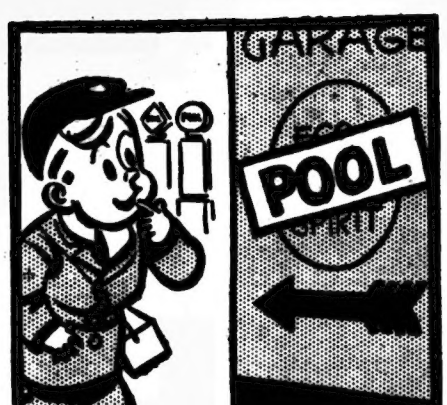
MILITIA CUB -

The Army asks for ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

Sent DUTY FREE to members of the B.E.F. in France: 200 for 4/-, 100 for 2/-. Postage 9d. Order through your tobacconist.

Prices at 'Naafi' Canteens with the B.E.F.
10 for 2½d. — 20 for 5d.
ORDINARY PRICES:
10 for 6½d. 20 for 1/0½d.



★ The Last Laugh

THE KID By LEES

BARBARA (Cirencester).—"'Well, I never!' said my mother when she saw me on my young man's knee." Don't you believe her, Barbara.

S. N. (Esher).—"I look older than my photograph." Naturally. You are.

T. L. (Scotland).—"These air-raid warnings simply leave me cold." Then why not put an oil-stove in your dug-out?

T. S. (Bridlington).—"Cold tea is a cure for burns and scalds." It also cures people of coming down to breakfast late.

S. B. (Parkstone).—"Chemists are playing an important part in this war." We certainly hear a lot about pill-boxes.

M. W. (Hornsey).—"There was a detachment of the A.F.S. at our wedding." What was the idea? To have old flames put out?

G. T. (Dorchester).—"My grocer assures me there is no shortage of bacon, but I don't believe him." All gammon, you think?

S. M. (Kendal).—"A rumour has got round that the sergeant-major wears a wig." Well, sergeant-majors do sometimes fail to keep their hair on.

K. B. (Battersea).—"I think a man ought to be allowed to keep all the money he makes." We've a shrewd suspicion you are employed at the Mint.

L. N. (Iver).—"There was a screaming sound which we took for an air-raid warning, but it was only a neighbour's radio." He was listening to a Hitler speech, we suppose.

D. W. (Barnes).—"Three men fell from the carriage door just as the train was about to leave the station." Perhaps a very muscular straphanger had managed to open his newspaper.

S. R. (Bacup).—"The other day I saw a body of soldiers, apparently in training, wriggling along through undergrowth." Well, haven't you heard that an army marches on its stomach?

D. E. (South Wales).—"A man was brought up before the magistrates recently for sounding a factory siren unnecessarily." We suppose he got a bit fed up and felt he had to let off steam.

SAPPER (Bury).—"The fact that a most inefficient corporal in our regiment has just been made a sergeant makes me wonder what is going on." Another stripe, of course.

T. C. (Conway).—"My mother is determined to force our maid to wash all the make-up off her face, but I am very doubtful whether she will be obeyed." You can't see it coming off, eh?

Three-minute Solution

Perring said he thought the sound of a shot penetrated the garage in which he was working, but *after* he heard the engine started up again he decided he had heard only a back-fire. Connolly knew then that he was lying. For the bullet that killed Standing had buried itself "*in the mechanism of the magneto.*"

Perring admitted the crime eventually, claimed that Standing had been using his ideas and taking all the credit. He was mad with hatred.

Side-Slips

DUBLIN EVENING MAIL:—"... who is championing the Administration's SAUCE in the neutrality debate."

KENT AND SUSSEX COURIER:—"They wore pearl necklaces, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. A. G—— was best BAND."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"... only if Hitler marched out of the countries he had occupied, restored freedom to Czechoslovakia and Poland, and allowed AUSTRALIA to decide its destiny...."

THE LANCASTER OBSERVER AND MORECAMBE CHRONICLE:—"Harvest festival services were held on Sunday, when the CHAIRMAN was tastefully decorated by friends, with gifts of flowers, fruit. ..."

N. Y. (Otley).—"What would you advise me to do to show my determination not to queue to get on a bus?" Walk.

B. V. (Dewsbury).—"Why is it that you sit on all my jokes?" We shouldn't if there were any point in them.

TOM (Maidenhead).—"I got a real kick out of kissing my girl last night." Aren't fathers a nuisance?

W. B. (Wolverhampton).—"Do you know what my boy took back to camp after his forty-eight hours' leave?" The last train?

R. L. (Brixton).—"I am employed as a detective by a famous jewellery firm, and wherever their valuable collection of antique watches goes I have to go, too." Well, you can at least claim that you move with the times.

A. N. (Burslem).—"When will people stop looking for gas leaks with a naked light?" As soon as they've found one.

T. L. (Minehead).—"This is a bad time of the year for catching a cold." Then all the more credit to us for having done so.

F. N. (Chesham).—"I have been told that insomnia is caused by an ugly little microbe." That's no way to talk of a baby.

D. C. (Lancaster).—"Whisky once saved my life, but my friends will insist on condemning it." Well, they know you better than we do.

CORPORAL (Wisbech).—"I told my wife that I'm always ready to fight when the rights of man are challenged." What on earth does she want now?

G. B. (St. Ives).—"How do you account for the comparative inactivity on the Western Front so far?" Perhaps there is some hitch over the film rights.

P. B. (Isleworth).—"Do 'Collect' and 'Congregate' mean the same thing?" Yes, but "Collection" and "Congregation" often don't tally at all.

ANGLER (Ilford).—"My wife was surprised when I told her I'd caught the whole batch." She thought you'd bought the whole catch?

A. P. (Chelsea).—"I am one of the best artists in London. I think that can be said with safety." No doubt, but will anyone believe it?

PATRIOT (Paignton).—"It is the duty of everybody to produce food without delay." You might come and speak to our tea-shop waitress on that point.

R. T. (Dorking).—"When I bought the terrier the man at the shop said he was splendid for rats, but he won't look at them." Well, isn't that splendid for the rats?

JIMMY (Hull).—"Our form-master has threatened to punish us with something even worse than the cane if our work doesn't improve shortly." Ah, another secret weapon!

S. A. (Skipton).—"I wonder why my barber has such a collection of magazines with stories of murder and mysteries in them?" Perhaps it's to make the customers' hair stand on end so that it is easier to cut.

Miss F. (London, E.).—"Kissing is the queerest habit, I think. Men change so—sometimes they want to kiss, sometimes they don't." That's right. Before marriage bushels of kisses; after marriage a few measly pecks.

"BULLETS" 1,195 RESULT

First Prize, £200 plus Fowl:
A. BROADBENT, 66, Main Street, Woodhouse Eaves, nr. Loughborough.
Example: AMERICA'S NEUTRAL, BUT
Bullet: *Help* TO OUR *Flying.*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £20 plus Fowl:
H. TYLDESLEY, 115, Grassington Road, Nottingham.
Example: Father's Ration
Bullet: *Something* From "Coupons," Anyway!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Fowl:
E. GEE, "Elveden," 78, Broad Road, Sale, Manchester.
Example: After Hitler
Bullet: Britain—*Not* By Assassination!

FOURTH PRIZE, £5 plus Fowl:
Miss B. JONES, 10, Clydach Street, Cardiff.
Nice Soft Job—Chief's Looks? Chiefly Looks!

TWO PRIZES of £3 each plus Fowl:
A. MACLEOD, 71, Byron Street, Dundee, Angus.
Enemy Within Our Gates—Pretending He's "Sentry"—Bureaucrat.
M. LISTER RAMAGE, Lyndhurst, Lundin Links, Fife.
Girl He Left Behind—Isn't Economising With *Ink!*

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. each plus Fowl:
Mrs. G. ASH, Coal Exchange, Lower Quay, Fareham, Hants.
Smoking Ruins—Holland—But For Water.
J. C. CHYNOWETH, Martin's Farm, Graylings Well, Chichester, Sussex.
A Bit Too Much—Grandpa's *Crimean* Air Raids!
R. M. FLEMING, 73, Crescent Road, Ramsgate.
Britannia's Sea-dogs—Sitting Up And—"*Begging*"!
Miss E. GRAY, 58, Heriot Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool.
Tough On Tommy—Pollu's Embrace—And Pag!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)
R. HADLEY, 55, Windsor Road, Birtley, Co. Durham.
Wave Of Pessimism—*Rising*—Discloses Germany's "Rocks."
O. J. A. HILL, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton, Sudbury, Suffolk.
Village Gestapo—Sure Newcomer's Knapsack, Parachute!
Mrs. A. JARRETT, "Iraq," Morland Avenue, Croydon, Surrey.
To Arm Sonny—Better Than Continually "Convoying."
D. MACKEY, 23, Cambridge Street, Wolverton, Bucks.
In Dad's Uniform—Everybody *Else* Looks Well!
F. MILLAR, 60, Albert Street, Edinburgh.
Out Of It—America—So "Well In."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)
W. SHARDLOW, 31, Alexandra Road, Hemel Hempstead.
After Hitler—Smaller Germany—Larger Sausage!

List of 100 winners of Xmas Fowls can be seen at these offices.

John Bull's BUMPER Bullets XMAS OFFER!

HUGE 1ST PRIZE CHEQUE £10 — 5 Other Fine Presentations

- XMAS GIFTS — One for You and for each Member of Your Family
- NEW CLOTHES — Complete New Outfit of your choice, value £25
- LUXURIES for 1940 — Luxury Cake monthly throughout New Year
- RADIOGRAM and RECORDS — Unlimited Entertainment for your Home
- FREE HOLIDAY — Free Week's Holiday for You and Family, now or in Summer 1940

£50 2ND PRIZE XMAS CHEQUE

£25 3RD PRIZE XMAS CHEQUE

£10 4TH PRIZE XMAS CHEQUE

2 XMAS CHEQUES each £5

12 XMAS CHEQUES each £2-10s.

Make the POSTMAN your FATHER XMAS

All this week's Cash Prizes will be posted in time to reach Winners for Xmas.

ONE WEEK ONLY — Closing Postmark SAT. DEC. 9

100 XMAS CHEQUES £1

200 SURPRISE AWARDS EACH VALUE 5/-

3,000 OTHER PRIZES

HOW TO WIN YOUR XMAS CHEQUE

SEE how the *Bullets* Prizes have rocketed for this week's big new Christmas Celebration Offer! And notice, specially, that every one of the 118 cheques will be despatched to arrive in time for Christmas spending.

Imagine your delight at learning, by golden Joy Wire on December 22, that *you* have captured this week's fine six-in-one Christmas First—a prize more than *double* the normal war time reward for the best *Bullet!* Provided you remember that the opportunity is yours for ONE WEEK ONLY *and post on or before Saturday, December 9*, this outstanding Christmas First, or any of the 117 other chief prizes, can be yours for a few words on a coupon from this page.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any *Example*. For instance, consider last week's First Prize *Bullet;* taking the *Example*, SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO, the winning effort was completed with the words, "DOVE'S" AND "CHICKS'" RETURN.

Guided also by the winning styles in this week's result on opposite page, get busy on your *Bullets* to-day and post them in time to win the merriest Christmas of your life.

"BULLETS" RESULT on opposite page

READ THESE RULES.

1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

BRITAIN'S LIFEBLOOD
BULLDOG WINSTON
WHEN HITLER'S FINISHED
STORM OF CRITICISM
IN 1940
GOOD MEN
NEARLY STARVING
ARMY MULE
BEST THING TO DO
FATHER'S INVENTION
GRADUALLY
OUR EVACUEES
AVERTED A TRAGEDY
NOW SOLLY'S A SOLDIER
FACING DEFEAT
MADE TOMMY LAUGH
FEELING HIS WAY
WHEN THE TEST COMES
GOING GREAT GUNS
RULES OF WAR

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

..... OVER EUROPE
BLOT ON .....
SPREADING .....
HOUR OF .....
..... MUDDLE
NEIGHBOUR'S .....

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED DEC. 20, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

12

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,199

Closing postmark. SAT., DEC. 9.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,199

Closing postmark SAT., DEC. 9

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

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Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,199, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,199, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, DEC. 9

I KNOW WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT

I Have Paid to Learn Both With Health and Pocket

AGAIN Thank You For Your Wonderful YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic

Dudley.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I ought to add my thanks to hundreds of others you must have.

Six years ago I began to suffer from nerves, which gradually ruined my digestion. I spent pounds trying all kinds of medicines for nerves and stomach. None of them gave me any real relief, so 12 months ago I decided to try your Yeast-Vite and glad I am that I did.

From the day that I first took Yeast-Vite I have been a different man; no more nerves and no stomach trouble. Whenever I feel nervy or have a touch of indigestion all I do is buy a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite and I am well again in no time.

Only a week ago I had an attack of nerves with terrible indigestion and heartburn. I straightway sent to the chemists for a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite and from the first dose I improved till at the finish of the bottle I was cured. Believe me, I know what I am talking about, I have paid to learn both with health and pocket.

Again I thank you for your wonderful Yeast-Vite.

I am, Yours truly,

W. C.

Norwich.

Dear Sirs,—Once again I am writing to tell you I think your Yeast-Vite Tablets are wonderful; I had a bad attack of Neuritis and could hardly use my arm, but glad to say after taking 4 bottles of your Tablets it is quite gone. I am always telling my friends to try Yeast-Vite; they take away depression and pain.

Yours gratefully, Mrs. C.

HYSTERIA, NERVES AND INSOMNIA

Leeds.

Dear Sirs,—Previous to the birth of my first child I was a constant sufferer from Hysteria, Nerves, Insomnia and many other disorders.

After the trial of many remedies a friend recommended Yeast-Vite Tablets. The result after the first dose was most effective; at the end of the first day the soothing was like magic to my over-tired nerves. That night I enjoyed my first unbroken and restful sleep for many weeks. The following day my whole body returned to its normal functions, and I felt better in every way.

I am looking forward to the birth of my second child in a short time, free from the anxieties attending the first, thanks entirely to Yeast-Vite Tablets, which I am now a constant user of, and can thoroughly recommend to all who suffer from loss of appetite, sleeplessness, indigestion, headaches, insomnia and hysteria.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. G. T.

Nurse's Breakdown

Ilford.

Dear Sirs,—After having been through the last Great War, on Foreign as well as Home Service—at the end I had a severe breakdown in health, which lasted for a long period. On being recommended to try "Yeast-Vite" Tablets, as a tonic, I found in a week or two that I was feeling to be gaining in strength, could sleep peacefully and my nerves ceased to trouble me.

I have taken them now constantly since the War, and have enjoyed good health, enabling me to still carry on my nursing profession. Whenever I can I recommend Yeast-Vite Tablets to patients as a continued tonic when they are convalescent from any serious illness.

Thanking you for my good health,

Yours faithfully, F. B.

(Nursing Sister.)

"I Should Like Other Sufferers To Believe Me"

Weymouth.

Dear Sirs,—I am taking the liberty to write to you in great praise of your Yeast-Vite. I was home ill for several months. I was then sent to hospital where I remained for five weeks, being treated for gastric stomach. I then came out not feeling much better, not being able to eat hardly anything unless I suffered much pain. Seeing your adverts for Yeast-Vite I decided to try them, and after several doses I have found relief and much to my delight I am now a new man. I am now taking them regularly and have recommended them to many of my customers, who have come back with the same good results as I myself. I have no objection at all for you to use my letter, for I should like other sufferers to believe me and try them for themselves.

Yours and oblige (Signed), H. A.

Completely RUN-DOWN, Suffered from INSOMNIA And Continual COLDS

Dear Sirs, *Ireland.*

I take great pleasure in writing to you on behalf of your excellent tonic. Some time ago I felt completely run-down, suffered from insomnia and continuous colds, so I started taking a course of Yeast-Vite and I can truthfully say the effect was marvellous. I feel a different person altogether. I shall strongly recommend them to all my patients in future.

Yours sincerely,

M. M. E. (S.R.N.) (S.C.M.).

Amersham.

Dear Sirs,—I have been taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets now for a long time and I must say that having suffered for years from stomach trouble I find great relief after taking your Tablets and have never felt so well for years.

I shall always recommend your Tablets to anyone that suffers, as I think they are very good.

I remain, yours, J. H.

"Invaluable" for Insomnia

Blackpool.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I should like to take the opportunity of saying what a lot of benefit I have gained through taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets. For about 3 years I have scarcely ever been without them, for Sleeplessness they are invaluable.

When I feel off colour I take 2 Tablets, then in a very short time I feel quite myself. I have recommended them to quite a lot of friends, who have found them quite beneficial in their many ailments.

Yours truly, Mrs. H.

Why not try Yeast-Vite yourself? If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded. YEAST-VITE brand tablets 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

HEADACHE LASTED 3 DAYS AND NIGHTS

Worcester.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it is only fair to let you know the benefit I have derived since taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets. I am 50 years of age and used to get such awful headaches that the pain kept me awake at nights. They generally lasted 3 days and nights. I suddenly remembered one day how a friend of mine quite 6 years ago told me how his mother had benefited by them, and you can imagine my relief when I tried them and found such amazing results. The headaches are very much less frequent, and I always order Yeast-Vite in my weekly shopping and recommend them to all my friends that are going through the same time of life as myself.

Yours, etc., Mrs. H.

"I Should Like Other People to Feel As I Do"

Sheffield, 7.

Dear Sirs,—After reading about your advert re Yeast-Vite I thought I would try a bottle. I have felt ill for some time but I am so delighted with the result I felt I must write and tell you. I have had 2 small bottles and the result is wonderful. I can hardly believe I am the same person. I have told lots of my friends and they think the same as I do about them.

Should you care to use this letter I shall be very pleased, because I should like other people to feel the same as I do.

Yours very sincerely, Mrs. N.

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